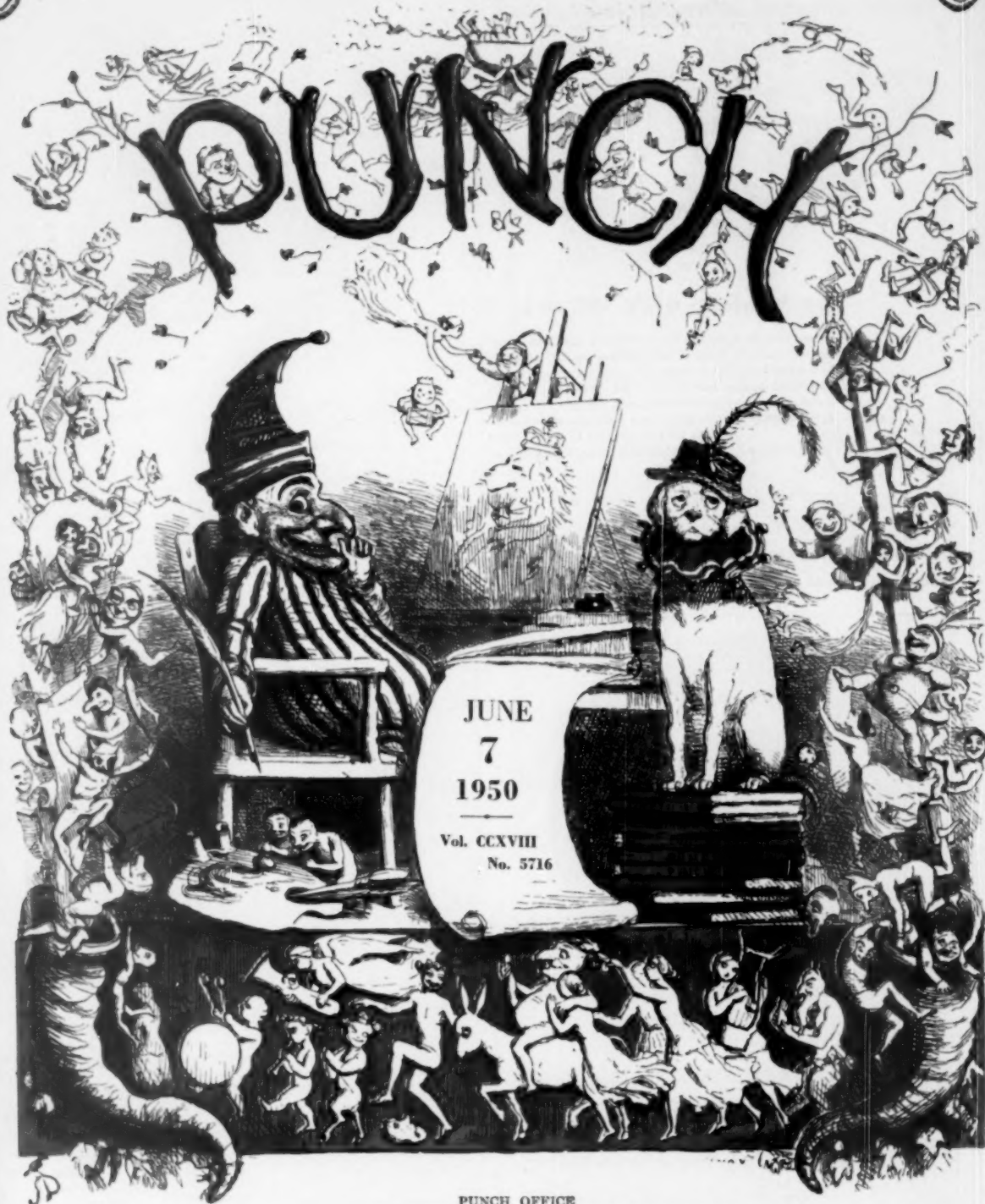


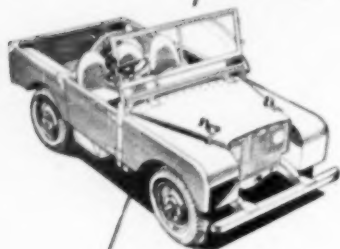
6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7 1950

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Here it is...



the vehicle with 101 uses!

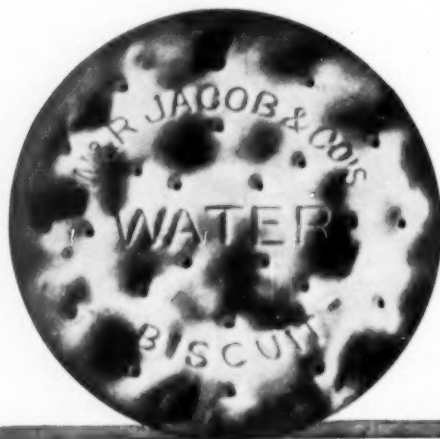
In an undertaking of any size the usefulness of the Land Rover is at once apparent. Such versatility of performance has previously been known only in military vehicles. Fast, powerful and adaptable, it provides the advantages of a four-wheel drive towing and delivery wagon, a mobile plant and a useful all-purpose runabout. A power take-off supplies pulley or shaft drive for a multitude of purposes.

It is built sturdily for hard work and hard wear with right- or left-hand drive as required.

LAND-ROVER

BRITAIN'S MOST VERSATILE VEHICLE

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM
CV3-40



JACOB'S

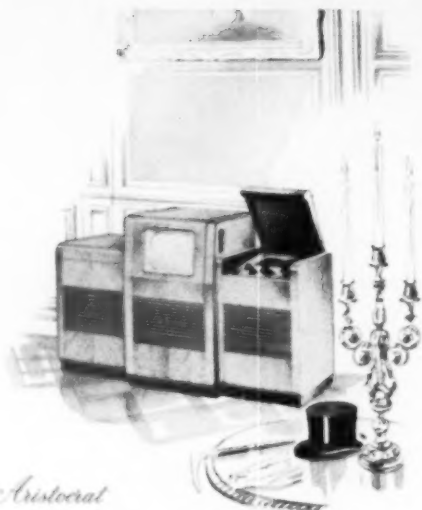


Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

* Also specially packed for world-wide export

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND



*The Aristocrat
of Radio and Television*

RGD

R.G.D. radio, television and gramophone consoles provide complete home entertainment. The connoisseur will delight in the high quality performance and beautiful appearance of these exclusive instruments. Your local R.G.D. retailer will be pleased to arrange a demonstration.

ACCREDITED DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN

JACK AND ANONA LIGHT UP



JACK TRAIN AND ANONA WINN are right every time with Ronson! "No twenty goes with this—the Ronson is a first-timer," says Jack ("20 Questions") Train. Team-mate Anona Winn adds, "To recap—it's a beauty, too!" Precision-built to last a lifetime, all Ronson lighters have the Ronson one-finger, one-motion safety action and are backed by the famous Ronson service. It's a joy to give or to get!

*Every Ronson a Masterpiece
of Craftsmanship*

RONSON

WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER

Press, it's lit—
Release, it's out!



A favourite Ronson,
the Standard Butler.
Price 38/6

AVOID IMITATIONS—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**



MARTINI

17/-
sweet

18/-
dry

Sole Importers: A. G. Marandi & Co. Ltd. London W1



BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

WHOLESALE PRICES, IN U.K.
12/4 PER BOTTLE, 16/11 HALF DOZEN
THE CHARTERED DISTILLERS' ASSOCIATION
OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/5

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

Managing directors
are proud
to be mechanics



... with these keen spare-time airmen*

The spirit of the men and women in the Royal Auxiliary Air Force and R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve is shown by the number who, holding important jobs, are well content to spend their spare time as members of these organisations. Whether they are ex-airmen glad to be back where they feel they belong, or "new boys" proud to be allowed to join, they are comrades in enthusiasm.

All of them—from the pilot with rows of ribbons to the youngster learning the secrets of radar—share the satisfaction of knowing they are helping to keep Britain "on top" in the air.

* Royal Auxiliary Air Force * R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve

AUXILIARIES. Flying and Regiment Squadrons (men); Air Observation Post Units (men); Fighter Control Units (men and women). These train as complete units on their local R.A.F. stations.

RESERVES. Air and ground staff (men and women) who carry out non-continuous training at the Reserve Centre nearest their homes. Flying training is done at nearby Reserve Flying Schools.

TO: AIR MINISTRY, (DEPT. PU 63A.), ADASTRAL HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send full information (pay, bounty, travelling allowances, uniform, etc.) about R.A.F. Auxiliaries and Reserves. (If ex-R.A.F. or ex-W.A.A.F., give Rank, Trade, No.)

NAME

ADDRESS



one of the new
range of **KANCO**
Electric Hammers

As a general purpose Electric Hammer for 'medium' work, the Kango Model F is ideal. Its many applications include the drilling of holes from 1/8" to 1 1/2" diameter in brick or concrete, bush hammering, vibrating, tamping and hacking. You'll be amazed how much time and labour this Hammer will save!

Each Hammer supplied with metal carrying case and set of equipment.

price £42

There are Kango Agents in many parts of the World.

KANCO

Electric Hammers Ltd

WORDER FACTORY ESTATE,

LOMBARD ROAD,

LONDON, S.W.19.

Telephone: Liberty 4253 S.

Telegrams: Kangelon, Southampton, London.

Other Kango Models

Model E—Power with
out bulk. This is the
Hammer to make light
of heavy work, yet it
weighs only 22 lbs.
price £52.10

Model G—a light
Hammer especially
suitable for
general overhead work,
where a heavier
Hammer might be too
cumbersome to operate.
price £33

... but it's better by
AIR FRANCE



AIR FRANCE travel is the last word in luxury—4 engine comfort, delicious French meals with champagne, a flattering courtesy—not only on holiday services, but also on routes to New York, South America and the Far East.

Apply for a copy of "Flying Holidays" stating, if possible, the destinations you have in mind. Obtainable from your Travel Agent, your AIR FRANCE branch office or the address below.

Return Fares from London

PARIS	£14 8 0	LA BAULE	£15 3 0
"off-peak"	£10 0 0	LE TOUQUET	£ 8 0 0
NICE	£34 6 0	DINARD	£11 11 0
CANNES	£35 4 0	DEAUVILLE	£15 3 0
LOURDES	£29 14 0	ROME	£50 0 0
MAJORCA	£44 14 0		

AIR FRANCE

the 4-Engine Air Service

AIR FRANCE, CONTINENTAL DEPARTMENT, 52, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1
WHITEHALL 0971. Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast



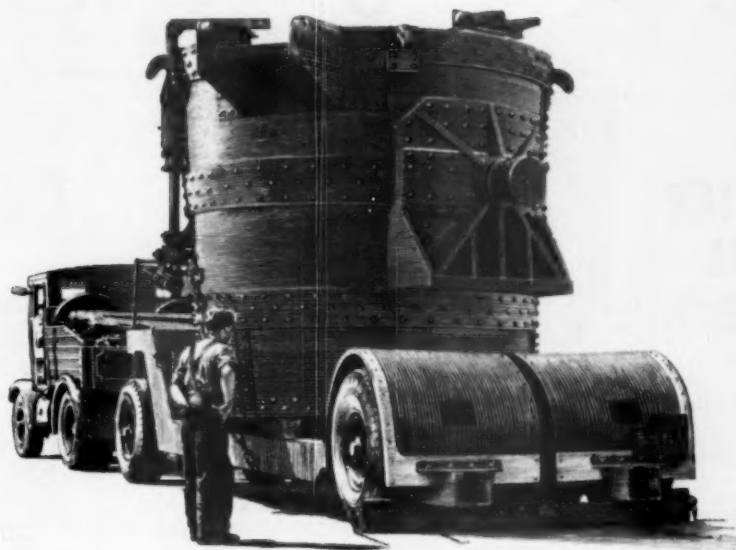
The
Economy
of a small car
...
the Comfort
of a large
one

The Renault engineers have produced a really solid achievement in the Renault 760 c.c. which is now being produced in the re-equipped British factory and distributed to a number of overseas markets. The engine, being at rear, leaves the floor free from obstructions; four passengers ride comfortably within the wheel-base. It is easy on fuel too. A standard road test by *The Motor* revealed 50 m.p.g. at a constant 40 m.p.h. and 62 m.p.g. at half that speed.

RENAULT 760cc

RENAULT LIMITED WESTERN AVENUE LONDON W.3

It took 157 years



Behind the design and construction by Newton Chambers of ladles to hold 100 tons and more of molten steel lies a skill which has accumulated over 157 years. Experience has been passed down

generation by generation within the stable Thorncliffe community, which accounts in large measure for the unremitting quality found in everything Newton Chambers produce.

Newton Chambers

& COMPANY LIMITED OF THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

IRONFOUNDERS · ENGINEERS · CHEMICAL MANUFACTURERS

Smokers!

It pays to say

Esso



LIGHTER FUEL

- ★ NO SMOKE
- ★ NO FUMES
- ★ NO FAILURE

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD.

Take care of your Hair

Rowland's Macassar Oil is made to a very special formula, which has stood the test of time. For since its introduction in 1793, Rowland's Macassar Oil has been the choice of discerning men and women. They have found—as you will find—that Rowland's is pre-eminent for caring for the hair; as a dressing that imparts sheen and gloss; as a tonic that promotes strong, natural growth. In two forms—Red for dark hair; Golden for fair.

—Since 1793

ROWLAND'S

MACASSAR OIL

the choice of discerning men & women

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

STILL DEPENDENT ON PUBLIC SUPPORT



A deep purse is needed to provide our 1,000 children with their daily meals. We earnestly appeal for generous gifts for food.

10/-

will keep one child's food for a week in these Christian Homes.

PLEASE HELP.

Charges, etc. (crossed). Bazarine "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed to Barnardo House, Stepney Greenway, London, E.1.

Van Heusen

THE WORLD'S BEST

Shirts and Collars



**Balkan
Sobranie
Smoking
Mixture**

Made by
the makers of
Balkan Sobranie
at Sobranie House
London, E.C.1

Light up and settle down to that long slow smoke which calms a troubled world. With Balkan Sobranie glowing in the bowl of your favourite briar anxiety goes up in smoke and an inimitable aroma makes rings round every fret. This Smoking Mixture contains the topmost leaves of the rarest Yenidje leaf mellowed and matured by the Macedonian sunshine for seven long years. In its smoking is the perfect answer to every present discontent and a philosophy to match your every mood...

TWO WORLD FAMOUS PRODUCTS



FOX'S
Glacier
MINTS



Vent-Axia

for Better Air Conditions



IN INDUSTRY
IN COMMERCE
IN THE HOME
IN AGRICULTURE

Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation



VENT-AXIA LTD.
9, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1. ABBey 6441 (7 lines)
Glasgow · Manchester · Birmingham · Leeds

Carters

INVALID FURNITURE



GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1
Phone: Langham 1083

QUEEN ANNE SCOTCH WHISKY



HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

Holders of Royal Appointment to
successive Sovereigns since 1838



"And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go" "Cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs . . . but this 'ere 'tortis' is a insect" was the ruling once given by a harassed railwayman and presumably travelling lambs would also come under the first designation.

Not that we really imagine that *you* are thinking of taking a lamb, however cherished, abroad with you on your holidays this year. You will probably be more concerned with questions of hotels, passports, currency and the like. Here we can help to take the strain. We can cope with your passport and visa problems and provide you with Travellers Cheques or Letters of Credit which are cashable all over Europe.

In fact we will deal with all the financial side of your holiday—and we wish you 'Bon Voyage' and a welcome as warm as Mary is getting in our picture.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED



Associated Companies on the Continent
BARCLAYS BANK (FRANCE) LIMITED
BARCLAYS BANK S.A.I., ROME

SCANDINAVIATE

to Denmark, Norway and Sweden



for the finest holiday under the sun

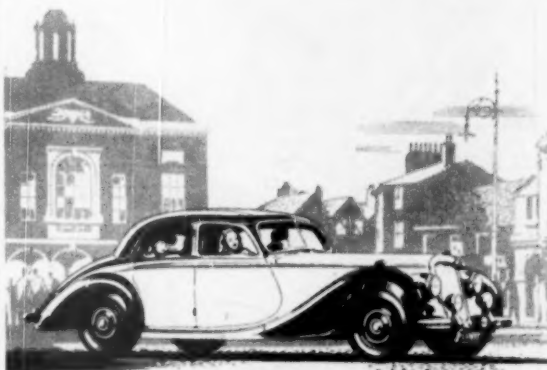
Aviate by Scandinavian Airlines to the NEW "STERLING AREA"—Denmark, Norway or Sweden, the perfect holiday countries—where sterling still buys twenty shillings' worth of holiday pleasure. Enjoy the marvellous food—relax or be energetic, in the invigorating air amongst hospitable people. Fly by SAS luxury 4-engined Airliners, without fuss or queueing, and enjoy every moment of your holiday.

Full details from your usual Travel Agency



SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

185 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Phone REGent 4777
31 Deansgate, Manchester 3 and Princes Street, Edinburgh, Scotland



Travellers' joy

Down to the village or across half-a-dozen counties—whatever your journey, it's more of a pleasure in a Riley. That's because the Riley is designed and assembled by enthusiasts for enthusiasts.

How beautifully it responds to your slightest wish, now docile, now surging forward with all the dash and spirit of its famous sporting ancestors.

100 h.p. 21 litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266, 17.2
11 litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199, 1.5



for **MAGNIFICENT MOTORING**

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division: COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Naffield Exports Ltd., Oxford & 45 Piccadilly, London, W.1





**Glorious strength
and vitality
throughout your
system!**

"Sanatogen"
gives new
 zest and human
happiness



WHEN you feel tired and
not at your best, it often
means that your body is short
of the two essential nerve-
building, blood - enriching
foods — phosphorus and pro-
tein. 'Sanatogen' gives you
these vital foods in easily
assimilable form. Start on a
course of 'Sanatogen', and see
how new strength and vitality
flow through your body!
For more than 50 years hun-
dreds of thousands of people

have been gaining new health,
strength and happiness from
this wonderful nerve tonic
food—you can do the same!
'Sanatogen' is obtainable from
all chemists. Prices (including
tax) from 5/6d.

SANATOGEN

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

The 'Sanatogen' Mixture, so popular with
regular users, is again available (1/3d.,
post free) from Glaxo Ltd., Lough-
borough, Leics.

HMV

HMV

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
25, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C.4



MADE IN ENGLAND
SOUND RECORDING LTD. LONDON



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Hallmark of Quality

HMV

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND

HMV



1PM

**LUNCH WITH CHAIRMAN
DOWN ON THE FARM**

2PM

**SHOPPING IN VILLAGE
CALL ON PLUMBER**

4PM

**OVER TO VICARAGE
FOR TEA**

*All round the clock
you'll be **GLAD ABOUT**
the famous Swallow*



*Approximately 95 miles to
the gallon and equipped with
the Villiers - two-stroke
engine and a 3-speed four-
change giving a 30 m.p.h.
cruising speed, the
'Gadabout' is certainly the
ideal machine for Town
and Country Homes.
Demonstrations at your
local 'Swallow' Agent, or
full information on request.*

6PM

**HOME TO PREPARE
JOHN'S DINNER**

8PM

**INTO TOWN FOR CLUB
DEBATE & MEETING**

11PM

**BACK HOME TO
BED**



**Tired,
hot ACHING FEET!**

If you have any kind of painful foot trouble make use of the Scholl Foot Comfort Service. Hot, tired, aching feet, corns, callouses, bunions—all are quickly relieved by Scholl remedies and foot aids. Weak arches—the cause of so many other painful foot conditions—can be corrected by Scholl light, flexible arch supports. Even when your trouble is of long-standing, immense relief is assured. Advice free at all Scholl depots.



**Dr. Scholl's NEW
Super-Soft Zino-pads
END CORN PAIN**



**For Hot, Tired
Feet, Dr. Scholl's
Foot Powder coats,
soothes, prevents
sweatiness and blis-
ters. 1/2 container.**



These thin, soft, cushioning
pads give instant relief from
pain of corns, callouses,
bunions. Their scalloped edge
encases smooth fit over the
tender spot. Sizes for corns,
callouses, bunions and soft
corns between toes. 1/3 packet



**Aching, Tender
Feet, Massage with
Dr. Scholl's Foot
Balm relieves
burning feeling,
refreshes, streng-
thens. 2/- jar.**

**Scholl
FOOT COMFORT SERVICE**

Dr. Scholl's FOOT AIDS
*World-famous range obtainable from
chemists, shoe dealers, stores and
Scholl depots throughout the country.*

254 REGENT STREET LONDON W1



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

DUFRAIS
Special **VINEGARS**

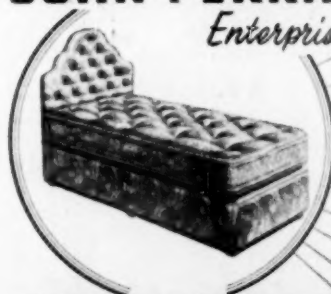
LUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8



The London Bedding Centre

Another
JOHN PERRING
Enterprise

Sales Centre
for



BEAUTYREST
BILLOWBED
DAVENPORT
DUNLOPILLO
PUT-U-UP
RELYON
SLEEPEEZEE
SLUMBERLAND
STAPLES
VI-SPRING

KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Selected leading makes under one roof

Next **Knightsbridge Underground** (Phone: KNIGHTSBRIDGE 1777)

Main Furniture Showrooms

KINGSTON-on-THAMES (Opposite the Bus Station)

and Branches in the following towns

WORTHING
SUTTON
OXFORD
GUILDFORD

TOOTING
TWICKENHAM
STAINES
SLOUGH

READING
EAST SHEEN
WOKING
CHICHESTER

JACKAMANS Ltd.
SOUTHEND
HOUSLOW
GRAYS

The family verdict—



"Prestige cooking is A.1."



Prestige pressure cookers

Soups, stews, vegetables, fruit
—all taste so much better 'Prestige'-cooked. And the
saving in time, fuel and labour is the housewife's boon.
There are four models from 72/6. Sold everywhere.

Product of Platers & Stampers Ltd.



Highly-strung children are precious material

But there are dangers to guard against!

PARENTS have much cause to be glad if their children are highly-strung and sensitive, for it is such children, with their quick perception, their intelligence, and feeling, that are most likely to make their mark in life.

But these advantages must be paid for, both by the child and by the parents. The strain of constantly living at such a high level means that highly-strung, sensitive children draw too much on their store of nervous energy—they "spend" their energy far quicker than other children.

That explains the tantrums, the nervous fits of temper, the finicky picking at food. The child is overtired, his spent nervous energy must be replaced. The body needs *extra* nourishment to do that and to build up the reserves of stamina. And the best and easiest way to give your child that *extra* nourishment is to give him Horlicks.

A cup of hot Horlicks at bedtime will replace that store of nervous energy *during* sleep. Horlicks, being predigested, goes almost straight into the bloodstream—and it is all extra nourishment—pure nourishment. Start your child on Horlicks tonight.

HORLICKS

QUESTION TIME IN THE HOUSE

"Have you heard that the

*Good Housekeeping Seal has been awarded to all Crosbie's foods?"

"I'm not surprised.

They make 'Nell Gwyn' marmalade you know"



"Nell Gwyn"
Marmalade

Regd.

Famous for Fine Quality

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies write to: CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD CO. LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX. BRADLEY, Lincs. LAW, SCOTLAND.



*THE SEAL OF GUARANTEE OF THE BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

We're taking home some really fine salad cream to-day

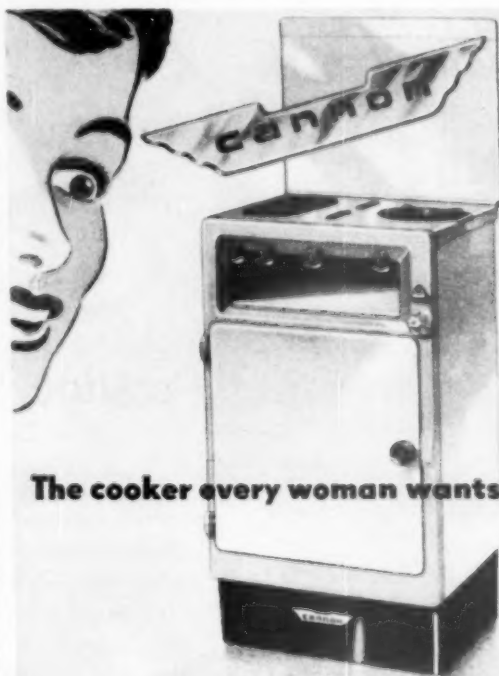


"THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS"

it's so appetising

SUTTONS
FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine Pickles, Canned Goods and Soft Drinks.



The cooker every woman wants

Available at your local Gas Showrooms

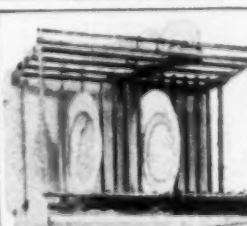
There are many imitations



The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the real Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

but only one

AERTEX



Quality - Rustless
FOLDING
PLATE & CUP RACK

Complete with Splash Back and Drip Tray. Rubber covered bars for cups, 14 divisions for Soup and Dinner Plates—simple to clean—no corrosion. Heavy gauge aluminium. Self colour finishes. Green Splash Back. Price 4/6; plus 10/6 P. Tax. Write for Leaflet.

MORRIS HEATING APPLIANCES LTD.
5 NETHERTON GROVE, LONDON, S.W. 10
Tel.: 81. Atmore 8221/4

Jacqmar

pure silk crepe chiffon
for cocktail
and evening dresses

in forty-nine new shades from the Paris Couture

32/6 per yard

at Jacqmar shops and stockists
or shade cards sent on request from

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1



By Appointment to
H.M. The King
Silversmiths & Jewellers

Asprey

DIAMOND CROSSOVER £350. 0. 0	TRIPLE ETERNITY £95. 0. 0	SAPPHIRE & DIAMOND £395. 0. 0	SAPPHIRE & BAGUETTE DIAMOND £650. 0. 0	BAGUETTE DIAMOND ETERNITY £425. 0. 0	DIAMOND £325. 0. 0	DIAMOND COCKTAIL £375. 0. 0	RUBY & DIAMOND £325. 0. 0
DIAMOND £420. 0. 0	EMERALD & DIAMOND £650. 0. 0	RUBY ETERNITY £85. 0. 0	EMERALD & BAGUETTE DIAMONDS £850. 0. 0	EMERALD & DIAMOND 3-RING £225. 0. 0	SAPPHIRE & DIAMOND £375. 0. 0		
DIAMOND & RUBY £1165. 0. 0							

Asprey always have available a good selection of new and second-hand engagement and other rings. They offer the best prices for fine quality Jewellery.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.M. QUEEN MARY

THE TENTH ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AND EXHIBITION

JUNE 8—23
(Except Sundays)

GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.1

Open 11.0 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.
(Opening day from 5.0 p.m.)

ADMISSION 3/4 • SEASON TICKETS 15/-
(Including Tax)

Part of which will be given to the British Empire
Cancer Campaign, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and
the British Antique Dealers' Association.

ASPREY & CO. LTD.
165-169 New Bond St., London, W.1.
and at 62/64 The Promenade, Cheltenham.



PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



CHARIVARIA

"WHAT will the Government do next?" demands a critic. Well, it's anybody's guess if they are really going to continue with the policy of doing the things they previously assured us they couldn't do.

Motorists say that since the de-rationing of petrol the roads have become "L" let loose.



"SUNDAY, APRIL 30TH
'EVERLASTING
PUNISHMENT'
A Loving Invitation is Extended to
All."
Announcement in Yorkshire paper
Thank you, no.

A young cricketer who played for Fiji against New Zealand under the name of Babu explained to the Press that his real name was Talebulamaineillikennmainavalentive-akabulakulakeba. It gives every promise of becoming one of the big names in the history of the game.

A A

"There were 19 boys present at the Scouts and I at the Cubs, and it is hoped to make them into a very active troop in a short while."

"Leigh Chronicle"

They should start with a three-legged race.

7

"The Liberals are not for sale," said a Liberal spokesman recently. This announcement is not expected to affect the Government's bulk-buying arrangements to any marked extent.



"The gate," states the P.M.G. in reference to sports televising, "is now open." What the sports promoters want to know is how many people will pay to go through it.

7

A columnist complains that Government departments are too prone to dwell on the past. And particularly the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

617

An Englishman who has been in Australia for thirty years says his ambition is to come to England and meet all his relations and friends again. He should try the effect of taking a country cottage for the summer.

7

A man convicted in a London police court was stated to have broken into the same premises on three different occasions. It did him no good of course to plead the housing shortage.



DORRIS

Initiative

"A hospital without a clock is the one at Pimbury."

It is learned that the wall clock fell into the hands of some unknown thieves who gained access to the room in the administrative block by forcing open a glass window pane a few months ago.

Notwithstanding the lack of a clock, work at the hospital is carried on to scheduled time with the help of wrist watches, etc."

"Ceylon Observer"

SMALL COUNTRIES

IN small countries the landscape is a roomful of pictures

Framed in the window of the train.
There is composition—an old mill in the centre
With a cow on one side of it and a horse on the other,
Or a manor-house, perhaps, set among elm-trees,
Or old men on a bridge, and a boy fishing.
For good or for ill there is always something in the centre,
And the rest clusters around it.
There is composition without repetition
In small countries. You can look at one picture,
Then read for a while, and then look up for another.

In large countries the landscape is a wallpaper
Lining an enormous room.

It slides past the windows of the train
With variation, repeated variation,
Yet no real change.
A wooded hill, a lake, a long white town,
A hill, a lake, a town, a wooded hill,
A lake, a long white town.
Two hours go by—four chapters. You look again,
And the same paper is sliding past the window.
There is length, but there is never any centre
For things to cluster round.
There is repetition without composition
In large countries.
And after a while, as in any enormous room,
You do not notice the wallpaper any longer
But sit and read your book—
Your book about small countries.

JAN STRUTHER

IT WAS A GREAT DAY

MOST days I spend alone and silent, but yesterday was a day to itself, for I spoke to three people. Why I did so I know not, except that maybe the new sun brought the seed of courage to life within me now that the lonely winter is past.

So my shyness fled before the power of the growth, and I found myself talking away to people as easily as the river whispers to the land as it pushes past.

The first one I spoke to was a waitress, a fine, big-chested woman with massive legs—a pride of a woman. It was in a tea shop. She was talking to another waitress when I heard her say something that came wrong, somehow, from the mouth of a woman.

"He's a dreadful boy," she said. "He never says 'Thank you' nor nothin'! Just sits and gobbles! I hate the sight of him!"

"You hate the sight of him!" I said, and my ears were astounded to hear myself. "Good lord! I can't imagine you hating anyone. What a terrible thing for a woman to say of a boy with but a handful of years."

She looked at me, and then she put the cup and saucer down and stood back to survey me, her arms akimbo. Her eyes were big—like the rest of her—and I sank into them, terrified.

"D'ye know," she said, "ye have a damn cheek to say that! A damn cheek!"

"Listen here, Welshwoman—" began I.

"Never mind that, you!" her voice rose. "You're damn well right at that. I should not have said it—though he is a nasty little lad, all the same! I'd take him, any day, instead of my one dead."

The cup was swept to the vast bosom—and tiny it looked there—and she moved mountainously away. So did I, but with little of her great majesty.

I came down the stairs into the fine broad street, and in a patch of lovely light left lying on the pavement by the sun a policeman stood, and he looked hot and magnified in his great coat. Again the queerness took hold of me and I spoke to him.

"Good day, officer," I said.

"Good day, sir," said he. And he looked me over, and I saw his face flatten as he waited for the question.

"You must feel this sudden heat greatly in that fine coat."

His face came alive and he put a red thumb around the winking chain of his whistle.

"I do," said he, talking through his grand, big, yellow teeth. "Where do ye want to go?"

"Oh, I know where I am," I told him, "but, in truth, I have little knowledge of where I'm going!"

"Ye're not alone in that," said he. "What was it ye would know?"

"Nothing. I just couldn't help talking to you about your fine coat."

"The coat is a good one," he replied. "Heavy in the heat, no doubt, but light in the cold; and fine for the top o' the bed."

"I suppose you'd like a pint of cool beer now, in this great and unusual heat?"

"Never drank a drop in me life, sir!" said he.

"Good day to you, officer."

"Good day to ye, sir," said he, moving himself inside the coat.

He looked at me again, but too well-hidden from him were my sins. We smiled at each other and went our ways, and I noticed his feet looked big, even against the size of the broad Kensington street.

Then I saw a lovely girl, tall and slim, with a walk and a way with her that would take her into the heart of any man, and a mindful of words rose in me. But I let none of them out!

So I walked home to my room, with my mind thinking of the waitress and her son, and of the teetotal policeman in his fine coat. But my heart was talking to the grand girl with the dark hair that shone so in the white, spring sun.

When I got indoors I spoke to the third one that day, and I found him pleasanter than usual.

"Mac!" said I, to myself, "let's put the kettle on and have a cup of tea—maybe there'll be more people to talk with to-morrow!"

And soon the kettle was singing, with the water dancing inside it.



ROUND ANY CORNER . . .

(Last year, 4773 people were killed on the roads of this country.)



"First ticket I've sold since the train stopped halting here."

THE COSMIC MESS

THE things we say! About "issues", for example. "It is not an issue", says a strong leading article, "that Government can afford to let drift indefinitely." Rest a moment, uncountable readers, from your many tasks, and try to form a mental picture of the Drifting Issue—poor little issue, forlornly floating eastward—or westward!—on the tide. Then imagine the Government stirred to action by the leading article. It comes alongside in a powerful launch, springs aboard the drifting issue, hoists sail (or perhaps the issue has an engine?), and away it goes, a navigated issue at last.

On the same day there were two nice issues in a rather fine letter to *The Times* from three members of the Liberal Party who were making the familiar claim that they were the only genuine Liberals. "The march of events and the uncompromising nature of the issues involved in our politics will, we feel, prove too strong." And then, "On the basic long-term issues the gap between us can never be bridged". The issue with an uncompromising nature is interesting, because it suggests that some issues are capable of compromise, tolerance and kindly feeling. It is when this goes too far, no

doubt, that you get a drifting issue. The "basic, long-term issue" is also rather fun. What a sense of strength and solidity it gives you! But what on earth does it mean—especially if it is mixed up with gaps and bridges? Is the issue now conceived as a kind of ravine or canyon over which the three Liberals maintain a long-term glare at the wretched Tories? If so, we are faced with the conclusion that the ravine is not only basic and long-term but has an uncompromising nature. This column has suggested before, and shyly suggests again, that there are too many issues in our public life. This column has written a great many words and taken part in many controversies; but it believes it has never found it necessary to use the word "issue". The lawyers began it with their talk of "joining issue", which they do at the end of the pleadings, when "one side affirms and the other denies". They meant, this column supposes, that they had at last, with relief, found an "issue" or "exit" from the labyrinth of rejoinders, surrejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters and so on. And the "issue" then became "the point in question". But if we statesmen, etc., must copy the lawyers' queer ways, we should at least copy correctly. We now use "issue" where there is not even a dispute, merely a thing or subject of discussion. "To be or not to be," as Hamlet said, "that is the drifting issue."

Then this column saw the strange headline "Have Britain Pulled A Fast One?" This was not in the *Chicago Tribune*, but in London's revered *Daily Telegraph*. The Sunday sports-writers and others, it is clear, cannot earn a living unless they pepper their columns with bits of the more boring and old-fashioned American slang. But it was a shock to see this silly phrase in such high places. What does it mean? Mr. Partridge, in the Addenda to the new edition of his excellent *Dictionary of Slang*, translates it thus: "To 'do the dirty', to malingering, to wangle something one is not entitled to, to evade a duty. Services. Since ca. 1938". He connects it with Mr. Larwood, the bowler—which seems

unjust and improbable. Does it come from baseball, as a learned man suggests? Or do we owe it, with so many flowers of speech, to the gangster world—"pull a fast" gun? In the tough books which this column eagerly enjoys, the characters are always "pulling a fast one." Wherever it comes from it does not seem to be a nice thing to say about Britain. The question was whether our Davis Cup Team had taken a mean advantage by choosing to play on damp grass against the Italians. In fewer words: "Was (or Were) Britain Fair?"

"Old-fashioned", this column said just now. Do tough guys in real life nowadays ever say that So-and-so "has taken a run-out powder"? They have been doing it for years and years in the tough books. No tough guy, of course, can be expected to "run away" or "get out"; for all tough men of action (in the books) love to use a lot of words, and use far more than literary men. But surely the brilliant inventor of the "run-out powder" has thought of—pardon, "dreamed up"—another phrase by this time. If not, let him get to work at once. For the run-out powder makes this column feel a little sick.

* * * * *

What do the young—pardon, "teen-agers"—read to-day? They like tough guys and action, naturally, bless them, and probably enjoy the same sort of muck that this wicked old column enjoys. It can understand a certain shrinking from Scott and Austen, Meredith and Eliot. But do they delight, as this young column did, in Stanley Weyman and Rider Haggard, Marion Crawford, Seton Merriman, Anthony Hope, and a man called Stevenson? Is there still a queue for those fine tale-tellers in the school libraries? This column hopes so. Nobody in their books ever pulled a fast one or took a run-out powder; but, if you want action and tough adventure, dear little teen-ager, you do not always have to go to the chronicles of crime. Truly, if this column had a school library on the premises it would read all those good fellows again and take a run-out powder on Miss Blandish.

A. P. H.

SPONTANEOUS EFFUSION

Mr. — is quite unabashed by the microphone; he creates the illusion of utter spontaneity. — *The New Statesman*

orator

THE broadcaster who would aspire
fame upon the B.B.C.

To radio-celebrity

vigour

Must strive with ~~patience~~ to achieve

An air of spontaneity.

studied

A timely pause, an "um," an "er,"

scripted cue

A ~~tendency~~ to effervesce,

make the Compleat Broadcaster.

These ~~captivate the listener~~.

These form the stairway to success.

might, I strongly feel,

We writers ~~too, it seems to me~~,

From this fruitful

Might ~~here~~ receive a useful hint;

Why should not we sometimes reveal

Our public would rejoice to see

Our spontaneity in print!



BASENJI ! CHIHUAHUAS !



ALL True Englishmen understand and love dogs. The very language proves it; a man who does not understand and love dogs is unthinkable base—a cur, a low hound, a young whelp. In fact, a dog. As I am scared rigid by big dogs and bitten or repulsed by little ones, it is obvious that I could not attend the Croydon Canine Society's Championship Dog Show in the character of a True Englishman. So I turned up the brim of my hat all round and went as a Dago-slav, a nationality I sometimes adopt to fit my particular brand of broken English, which is a faithful imitation of a stage Italian



and a stage Irishman, inseparable and unfortunately simultaneous.

I was welcomed everywhere with almost hard-currency affability (dog exports total £200,000 p.a.) and my unthinkable un-English ignorance was effusively humoured. "This-a one Polar-da-Bear, oehone?" I asked, and was courteously informed that, no, it was a Pyrenean Mountain Dog; but it was more like Brumas's mother than Brumas's mother. And so were the Maremmas or Italian Sheep dogs, in their nearby bins. Like Brumas herself were four white Pekinese puppies, young enough to be still fluffy, not draggly, and in the next cage . . . But I digress. Let first things come first.

On three floors of the vast Empire Hall round the walls are rows and rows of elevated open-fronted tin bins, dog-sized, and

numbered from 1 to over 2,000. These bins are occupied either by dogs or their owners or both, and are called benches because they are called benches. Just as the twenty-seven judging rings which take up all the central floor-space are actually squares formed by coherent chairs. Add a few thousand people, a strong smell of disinfectant, very little noise (except from the Poodle benches) and you have the scene. The action is provided by the to-and-fro in and around the judging rings, and the psychological drama is concentrated on the acquisition, or not, of a white card, which I am the first person to have read in full, saying "I am clearly of opinion that

No. 12345 is of such outstanding merit as to be worthy of the title of Champion," and signed by a judge of the Kennel Club—the canine Somerset House, dogs' High Court and friend-of-man's Jockey Club rolled into one.

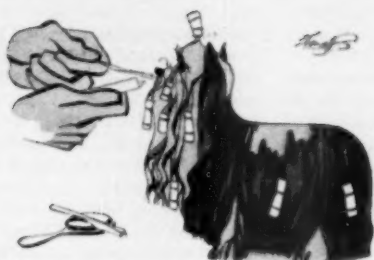
But why, you ask—or at least I ask—do two thousand owners lump two thousand dogs long distances, at expense and trouble, to Olympia to contend for nothing more than a £2 prize and a white card throughout a long and tiring day? Who are these folk, these judges, these dogs even? What, so to speak, percentage is there in it? (You note the Dago-slav point of view.)

In search of these answers I visited the St. Bernards or Sleep Dogs, knowing that they were static types who would not bite or deafen me while I interrogated their owners. All twenty-six of them slumbered quietly. In one bench a young lady



slumbered as well. I asked her "Phwat the devil you come-a here-a for with-a beeg dog?" This certainly roused her. She told me she wanted to be a judge; that if she showed often enough and won prizes enough, one day she would be a judge of that breed; that to be a judge was the highest possible personal honour and her summit of bliss. She said that others had different objectives; some were professional breeders to whom the money value of owning Champions was the paramount motive; some few were there, as she put it, for the dog's sake, just to see him win; most were spare-time enthusiasts, halfway between these two. All judges were paid their expenses, few received fees. Yes, she *had* heard that joke about owners looking like their dogs; it wasn't true, it was merely that some women through brushing their dog's hair constantly





in one fashion got the rhythm and automatically gave themselves the same sort of hair-do. It was also *not* true that bull-dogs had their noses squashed as puppies—they were born that way. A Peke had recently fetched £1,500. A Spaniel was *always* pronounced "spannel." Why Maltese dogs wore bows was to show whether they were, at any given moment, going ahead or astern.

I thanked her.

Past the innumerable Corgis or nylon-wrecking hounds; the Dachshunds or Roof-dogs (no, I have just looked that up; it should be "or Badger-dogs"—which does make more sense); the Bedlington or dome-headed Terriers; the French or Intelligent-looking Bulldogs; the Great Danes or Very-frightening Dogs; the Staffordshire, Norwich and Australian Terriers or Funny-I've-never-heard-of-them-before Dogs . . . to a man laboriously twist-



ing a Yorkshire Terrier's long hair into sixteen separate curl-papers. "Bedad to yez, signor," I said, "you make-a da bellissima wave-a-permanent for the ould judges, now!" He said, on the contrary, the doglet *had* been judged, this was its Monday wear, he did the

curl-papers every day, how could it run about the house with its hair on the floor, it would trip, it would eat it. And, in fact, when I saw one in the judging ring later, its owner had a little foot-stool thing to stand it on, on either side of which its parted lank hair fell down a whole storey lower; when she picked it up and held it lengthways along her fore-arm it looked as if her hand were in a muff—The Yorkshire Terrier or Muff-dog.

I have no accurate report to give you of the actual judging, my inquiries falling on pre-occupied ears. In the ring the owners have nervous mannerisms. They are told to stand still, but they are either incessantly brushing their animal's whiskers, pulling his ears down if he is a Cocker, or bending them up if he is a Great Dane, or cupping him under the chin and stretching his tail if he is something else. So the judges go into a huddle and order everyone and every dog to canter round and round the ring. How the owners pant! How much better the dogs are at this sort of thing! One lady in a petunia dress and a petunia hat became a perfect match for them before the judges relented. But she won a First with, or rather for, her Miniature Poodle or Topiary Terrier solely because, as some other lady told me, "it goes so well with that get-up." I wonder. I think it was the judges' lively fear of a public apoplexy that helped the decision.

And so on to the group of "Any Variety Not Previously Classified"—like the sergeant-major's "Fancy Religions Fall Out!" on church parade. Here were the Schipperkes—inseparable companions of every

Dutch barge-owner, I wonder; the Shih Tzu—which in my new-found knowledge I would unhesitatingly describe as a Wire-haired Peke; the Rhodesian Ridge-backs or Lion Dogs, so called because (a) they have hair growing the wrong way, anti-dogwise, along their spines and (b) they don't hunt lions; and—*now* you understand—the Chihuahuas and (one) Basenji. The Chihuahuas are Mexicans and bald—or anyway they are bald in Mexico; here the rigours of the English summer make them, maddeningly, grow hair. The Basenji hunts swamp-rats or something in the Congo and is not hairless but barkless. Noticing the clear label above his bench I accosted the



owner with confidence and inquired why it barked. He told me his dog was only having a rest there, it was a Kerry Blue.

One breed, the Afghans, almost converted me to the true dog-understanding type either because, to mix my fauna, they look like Clydesdale foals or, more probably, because the one I saw in the judging-ring was continually collapsing sideways from sheer aristocratic ennui.

And finally, as a foreign lady asked me—I reproduce her broken English in the only way possible to me (see para. 1)—"Whatta for I no see da Beagle, yer honour, da Fox-a-da-Hound? They're niver in anny Dog-show whattiver, you tell-a me da why?" We still don't know.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

AT THE PICTURES

Stage Fright—Black Hand

A PARTICULARLY cheering thing about *Stage Fright* (Director: ALFRED HITCHCOCK) is that it shows Mr. HITCHCOCK back in his old form, on his old ground, making the sort of thriller he always did so well before he was led (as I think, astray) into the cramping, limiting experiment of the "ten-minute take" method. *Stage Fright* is an hour and fifty minutes of quite first-class entertainment, sparkling with skill in every foot, the only point I would pick out to disapprove of being one connected with



Slapped Down

Johnny Columbo—GENE KELLY

ends, too, with the characteristic Hitchcock device that calls for the pursuit's climax to come with a final burst of speed through the inwards of some large familiar building—in this instance a London theatre. So much for the primary theme; the direction keeps it moving at a great pace, and the writing and the spirited playing keep splashing it with fun. The cast, from the principals down, is impressive. You see the four biggest names on the posters (of these perhaps MARLENE DIETRICH is the most memorable, as an alluring actress who addresses the police, among others, as "darling"), but the less important characters include several delightful portraits by Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE, KAY WALSH, MILES MALLERSON, JOYCE GRENFELL and—in particular—ALASTAIR SIM, and the tiniest parts of bystanders and murderers in bars and streets are played to excellent effect. I found it all very en-

joyable indeed.

Black Hand (Director: RICHARD THORPE) sets out, as announced in a solemn foreword, to show how the Italian immigrants in New York "at the turn of the century" and later "purged the Old World terror

of the Black Hand from their midst," and, indeed, it does begin in that sort of sober historical mood; but it works up to, and ends with, the sort of blood-and-thunder melodrama more suited to an old-fashioned "cliff-hanger" serial than to anything claiming a basis of truth. All the same, it is well enough done to be satisfying apart from the engineered suspense and artificial coincidences of the ending. The sharp-focus, low-key photography of many exterior scenes produces a great deal that is extraordinarily pleasing to the eye, and there are many imaginative touches in the script (the recurring anti-climax of the man with the broom, the complacent counting of the gangster waiting for a bomb to go off). There is excellent use, too, of natural sound and silence; music comes only with brief passages of montage, and background music not at all till the culminating episode of excitement. The large competent cast is unexpectedly headed by GENE KELLY.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

If they're still showing—it's hard to find out for certain whether they will be—I would recommend to London readers a good murder story, *In a Lonely Place* (31/5/50), and the first half of the new Disney, *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad*.

Nothing much in the latest releases. Let me remind you of some worth-while earlier ones: *The Search* (16/11/49), *Battleground* (22/3/50) and *All the King's Men* (26/4/50). RICHARD MALLETT



[Stage Fright]

Strung Up

Eye Gull—JANE WYMAN; *Charlotte Inwood*—MARLENE DIETRICH; *Jonathan Cooper*—RICHARD TODD

the allowable use of a flashback which it's impossible to discuss freely without giving away the secret of the plot. Indeed the plot—I don't say you couldn't guess its secret, but not everybody is as shrewd as you are—is very hard to talk about even in general terms without giving it away by some phrase; if I said it was not exactly (or was essentially) a whodunit, the point of the story could become clear to an active mind after the first few minutes of the film. It certainly is, of course, what nearly every thriller is—a pursuit story, and it's handled with the characteristic Hitchcock alternation of tension with laughter, farce with melodrama, verisimilitude with cunning exaggeration. It

SELECTION

THERE is usually a good deal of heartburning over the selection of the Munton Parva team for the annual cricket match with Munton Magna. Last year, for instance, Simpson was dropped, and the year before Johnson-Clitheroe was dropped.

Both of them felt the disgrace keenly, because it is much more damning to be dropped from the Munton Parva XI than from the England XI, for arithmetical reasons. If Hutton or Edrich, for instance, should ever be left out of the England XI they would at least have the solace of knowing that scores of other worthy players were in (or rather out of) the same boat. To be omitted from the Munton Parva XI, however, is a clear intimation that you are considered the worst player in the village, because (except during the school holidays, when Percy Hogg is home from Wimbury) we have only twelve players from whom to choose.

Usually the fight for the last place in the team for this needle match is a ding-dong struggle between Simpson and Johnson-Clitheroe. Neither even *thinks* he can bowl, so the decision has to be made on the relative demerits of their fielding and batting. Johnson-Clitheroe has a fairly safe pair of hands for a catch, but being portly and muscle-bound his safe pair of hands is of little use unless the batsman obligingly aims directly at him. He lacks mobility.

Simpson, on the contrary, is comparatively lithe and nimble. It is quite a treat to see him dashing madly towards a dropping skyer. A faint murmur of applause rises from those in the crowd who do not know him as he comes within easy reach of the falling ball, but owing to defective vision he rarely gets his hands to it. Sometimes he takes it on the shoulder or gets it on the head and is stunned, but more often he runs right past it and it falls behind him.

As a batsman, however, Simpson is generally considered to be slightly Johnson-Clitheroe's superior. In the last five innings he has

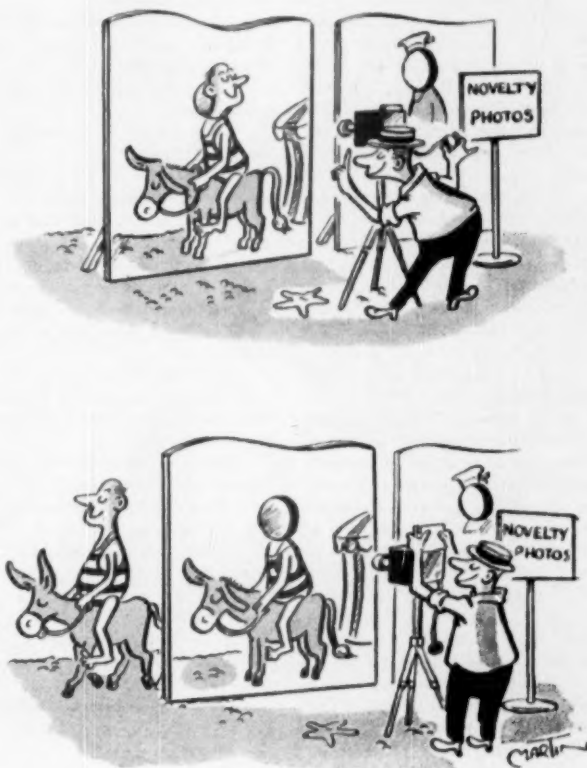
scored 0, 0, 0 (not out), 0 and 0, against Johnson-Clitheroe's 0 (not out), 0, 0, 0 and 0. From a purely statistical point of view there may seem to be no evidence in these figures of any overwhelming superiority on Simpson's part, but our selection committee has a mind above mere statistics.

To them cricket is not a mere orgy of run-getting but an art. It is true that at the wicket Simpson's style is quite as loathsome as Johnson-Clitheroe's, but Simpson puts Johnson-Clitheroe quite in the shade by his manner of walking to and from execution. As he strides purposefully but unhurriedly to the wicket he looks like a man who intends to make a century, and whose only doubt is as to whether or not his partner will keep his end up

long enough to enable him to do it. After making his usual blob he returns to the pavilion with an amused smile, as if recollecting that the same thing occasionally happened to Grace, Hammond and even Bradman.

Johnson-Clitheroe, on the other hand, creeps to the crease without hope, and hurries back to the pavilion without surprise.

This year the selectors are relieved from making the invidious choice between these two stalwarts. Munton Magna, who are not quite so rich in cricket talent as ourselves, can raise only ten men. In the best traditions of British sportsmanship we shall lend them an eleventh, and they can have an absolutely free choice between Johnson-Clitheroe and Simpson. D. H. BARBER



FEAR IN THE NIGHT

MY mother wrote to say she was coming to see me. She was going to stay with Aunt Dora for a week and would break her journey to spend an evening with me. She was coming on Wednesday.

I came home early from work on Tuesday intending to get my room ready, but my mother had decided to travel a day earlier and was waiting for me.

"Hullo, darling," she said. "How are you? You look awful. You get thinner every time I see you. You have been getting thinner every time I have seen you since you left home. Your face is white and drawn. Your hair is dull. You look strained. And look at your eyes. Just look at your eyes! But I'm not surprised."

"Why not?"
"I've been looking in your cupboard," she said. "You haven't anything but some hard cheese and a jar of pickles."

"Nonsense, darling," I said. "I've got all sorts of things. Blanc-mange powder, marmalade, biscuits, chocolate spread—all sorts of things."

"I mean food," my mother said. "Really, I sometimes wonder. I really do. And there is a plum in a tea-cup behind your biscuit tin that has obviously been in your possession for some weeks."

"Good heavens," I said, "is there really?"

"Yes," my mother said. "And another thing. I have found bottles of yeast, calcium, iron and sulphur tablets. There are two bottles of throat pastilles, two of gargling mixture, three of cough syrup and one of camphorated oil. There are two tins of tonic pills and one of nerve pills. What have you got to say?"

"But you sent them," I said.
"I didn't mean you to hoard them," my mother said. "I thought you had been looking better lately, but I must have been wrong. I don't know what I am going to do. You have hoarded everything I have sent you during the last four years."

"Those things on the clothes-horse," my mother went on. "I

suppose they are your winter woollens!"

"Sort of," I said.

"Then," said my mother, "what are you going to do in the summer when you want to wear less? If they send you to gaol you will just have to fight it out yourself, because I don't see what your father and I will be able to do. They're still wet," my mother continued, "so I suppose that means you are about to wear them? If you get pneumonia I don't know what I shall do, because your father can't manage by himself. I don't know what I am going to find when I get home as it is."

"Would you like a cup of tea?" I said.

"Yes, please," my mother said. "I hope you drink plenty of water. Why are you putting your umbrella in a drawer?"

"Because I have nowhere to hang it," I said. "Look, I have found a sausage. That's food."

"Do you mean to say you live on sausages?"

"You will take things so literally," I said.

"I never take a sausage literally," my mother said.

"What a pity you live in an attic," she went on. "It has confirmed my most awful fears. You seem to be behaving exactly as one of your school teachers predicted ten years ago. What are you doing now?"

"Warming the tea-pot," I said. "Why are you pouring the water from the tea-pot into a jam jar?" my mother asked.

"Because the bathroom is two floors down," I answered.

"What has the bathroom to do with it?" my mother asked.

"There isn't a kitchen," I answered.

"Oh," my mother said.

"Here is a fork," I said.

"Why do I want a fork?"

"To stir your tea."

"Oh," my mother said.

"Would you like a bun?" I asked.

"Plum?"

"Bun."

"I think not, all the same," my

mother said. "It has probably been near the plum."

Then she said "And another thing. There are six potatoes in a carrier bag in your wardrobe. They are growing."

"They do that," I said.

"I have felt the sheets on your bed," my mother said, "and they are damp."

"I hadn't noticed it," I said.

"You will remember it when you are crippled with rheumatism and I have to wheel you round," my mother said. "I shall be about eighty then and it is very selfish of you. Then there is something else. I sent you some bed-socks a few months ago. Will you please explain why they have been used to clean your shoes?"

* * * * *
And then—with very many apologies for the terrible cliché—I woke up.

HOUSING PROBLEM

SIR MAGNUS bought a ruined abbey,

But finding it a trifle shabby
Sent for an architect and gave
Orders to renovate the nave
With parquet flooring highly
polished.

He had the chancel arch demolished
Regardless of expense or taste,
He had the whole west front refaced
In varying architectural styles,
Picked out with highly-coloured
tiles.

Some floodlights, destined for the
choir,

Fused one night and caught on
fire

And all the neighbourhood awoke
To find the building wreathed in
smoke.

They watched with fascinated gaze;
It was a simply splendid blaze.

The firemen toiled with might and
main

But fortunately quite in vain.
The place was heavily insured
And with the money he secured
A Norman castle, grounds and
keep

In good repair and going cheap.

MARK HOLLIS



"You and your 'All roads lead to Rome'!"

HEADGEAR

THIS Belle Lettre turns a wary eye on Headgear, by which I mean any scalp-covering that can be doffed, thus admitting helmets but drawing the line at hair. I do not propose to devote much space to Female Headgear, which is fundamentally frivolous and no fit subject for pages which try to cultivate what Matthew Arnold called "High Seriousness." Beyond remarking that it more often looks home-made than Male Headgear and that it does not look so right hanging on a hat-stand I shall eschew the subject with the lightest of shudders.

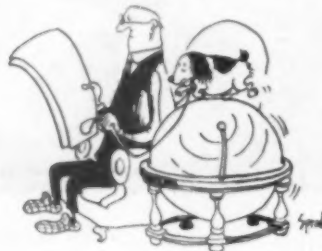
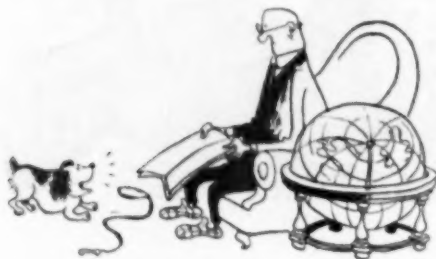
My survey of the major branch of my subject begins with crowns, a headgear which has become rarer in recent centuries, whereas back in the period which Elementary Greek scholars call "The Heptarchy" as many as seven at once might have been glimpsed in this compact island. A gay and striking wear is what the crown is, though according to Shakespeare, who seems to have tried everything, it makes an uncomfortable nightcap. At the Tower of London there is a good display of crowns whose value is so fabulous that visitors sometimes react away from the sight by saying the jewels are not all that different in appearance from coloured glass. However, as everybody knows, a Colonel Blood once stole the collection, and he would hardly have done so unless he considered he would make his expenses. This well-chewed episode in English history produced characteristic behaviour from the Merry Monarch, never one to fail his public. I cannot remember, offhand or otherwise, exactly what Old Rowley did, but it was either making Colonel Blood a bishop or tossing him for the loot.

The busby is frequently confused with the bearskin, and by no one so frequently as by me. Let us pass on to the pork-pie, so called from its shape rather than its colour, which is often green. It came over to us from the States many years ago, together with horn-rimmed spectacles, and when undergraduates wore them maturity seemed almost within grasp. Now the pork-pie has become just another hat. Its chief function is to underline incongruity. Any hat worn above a bathing-costume is incongruous, but a pork-pie is particularly so.

The turban, on the other hand, goes with almost anything. This versatile headgear, as worn by such diverse characters as Sultan Mohammed II and Hogarth, comes at the extreme limit of the doffable. It is not to be adopted lightly. The turban wearer whose puttee-like head-dress came unwrapped would be in a social predicament that no wearer of top-hats has ever risked. Yet a neatly and firmly tied turban is a striking bit of turn-out and well worth social acclaim. I suppose the turban will never be popular in England for outdoor wear; it would get so dreadfully heavy in wet weather. There would none the less be compensating æsthetic advantages. Perhaps if prep. schools started wearing them the custom might strike root and spread up the age groups.

The opera hat has died out a bit lately, despite its obvious value in these days of restricted storage space. Lined with red satin—or was that the cloak?—it offered a wider range of gesticulation than the bowler or deerstalker. Whether it greatly increased the actual appreciation of operas, I doubt. I have tried "Merrie England" with and without opera hat and found no difference at all. Worn shut the opera hat will cause much amusement among the callower debutantes but is often a frost with dowagers.

I do not really recommend the sou'wester. It gives off a sickly smell in hot weather and the peak is in the wrong place. Nor is it easy to doff. It cannot be worn above a pink and white complexion, so that to those who are pale and interesting rather than weather-beaten it gives a confusing look which might well start friendships off on the wrong foot. More suited to the lifeboat than to the foyer, it is most out of place on the cricket-field, where it should be worn only by those who covet the reputation of being rather





"... and a rather neat arrangement with the County Council takes care of the expenses of my walking tour."

mannered. An uncanny parlour game for All Hallowe'en is to visualize the late Lord Balfour wearing a sou'wester made of fur.

Witch doctors wear headgear representing animals and demons, and thus bring the brightness into their patients' lives that Western physicians try to provide by recounting their golf experiences. A witch doctor has some of the visual interest of a sandwichman, but in a different place.

I should explain at this point that I am not attempting to cover all the kinds of headgear that there are. Unless this point is firmly grasped there is a danger of correspondents' writing to complain that some favourite of their own has been overlooked. Heigh-ho, what a nuisance that would be, explaining that the shako was not being classified as non-headgear by me but just omitted in the interests of exclusiveness. A reply on much the same lines would have to be sent to defenders of the hairnet, the tricorne and the mortarboard.

In conclusion I shall allow myself just a word about a kind of headgear for which I have a particularly soft spot—the blue trilby. I once owned a blue trilby

because the shop in which I bought it was oddly lighted. I thought I was buying one of those black hats which make one look like a Civil Servant who has kept up his reading, and the assistant told me that when I was out in the daylight I should look fashionable. However, once in the street it was clear from the expressions of passers-by that I was not being taken for a Civil Servant, and snatching a taxi to my mirror at home I discovered the worst. Sheer brute wilfulness made me persist with it, despite the blankness of cloakroom attendants, and female friends to whom I raised it when promenading. Its cerealean blueness was emphasized by the hatguard's being red. In time I got the feeling that it represented a moral victory, though I was never really certain over what.

R. G. G. PRICE

"The main feature of the school skating has been the size of the figures of the American and Canadian competitors. Sometimes these were as much as 4 ft. larger in diameter than those of the British or the Continentals."—*The Times*

It's probably a question of rations.



THE BEECHES

ON the top of a hill, it may be a mile or more to the southward,
Between the rim of the sky and the rising splendour of the land,
Serene, remote from the human complications of the valley,
Facing the rising sun the ancient beeches stand.

Bare are the boughs, the birds still building in the hill-top thickets;
Crimped and crinkled is the leaf in the sticky straitness of the shoot:

Still far off is the summer, when the thick leaves feeding on the sunlight

Filter the falling rays to a green-lit glimmer at the root.

I have never yet climbed the hill for fear of what I might find there.

Let them keep their state; at a distance the heart more readily believes

Not the trim-tiled villa doing teas, or the rubbish-dump, or the car-park,

But the spring-head, and the high places, and the altar adrift with leaves.

Let them keep their state in the summer, and with the coming of autumn

Melt into blowy gold in the wake of the mellowing year;

Let them bend and whip to the wind in the bitter wilderness of winter,

Or motionless measure Orion's setting and the spring's drawing near:

Beautiful in changing ways with the wind and the weather and the season,

Steady and remote at the farthest focus of a lifted eye,

A target and a mark for the eye and a rest and refuge of the spirit,

High above the earth and humble in the bright infinity of sky.





CARE OF THE OLD — I

UP to not so long ago people grew old more by the calendar than by the condition of their arteries. On learning they had become grandmothers quite young women put on lace caps, assumed a graver mien, took to tatting in a big way and waited in a prim purdah for the end. With men the decline was more gradual, but a man of sixty who couldn't boast of gout felt rather out of it, while beyond that age the faintest sign of youth was deemed dangerously frivolous. Since then a profound revolution has reversed the fashion, which was all it was, though no doubt the sulphanilamides have helped. The pressure of two wars has set the old on their feet again, banishing a host of imaginary ailments and making it common form for those of eighty to work their own houses and gardens and drive themselves about. No longer are people any older than they feel; but a great many do still feel old, and Mr. Punch, having thought a good deal about children lately, felt he would like to know what was being done for those at the upper end of the scale.

So much, we find, that two articles are needed: this first one to cover the services helping old people in their own homes, and a second to describe the arrangements for those who have moved on into different sorts of institution.

As soon as you begin to ask questions about the old you are impressed by the fact that although under the new Acts the Government has spurred local authorities to increased activity, the need for the voluntary bodies remains at least as great, because much of their work is of a kind that thrives on an informal and friendly basis. At the same time the number of voluntary societies in the field is a trifle frightening. What is clearly wanted is not only close co-operation between them and the authorities but also a constant scrutiny to prevent overlapping; and this is exactly the function of the National Old People's Welfare Committee (a branch of the National Council of Social Service), which was started in 1940. Its influence is growing steadily, and it works through regional and local Old

People's Welfare Committees all over the country.

But if we take only London, and consider the thousands of shabby little streets which make up the bulk of it, these must contain great numbers of old people living precariously on pensions and mainly looking after themselves. Whether they are bedridden or can get about, many of them are lonely. Radio has helped tremendously, but what they want most is a little human interest from outside. And this is where the visitor comes in. For a long time visiting has been a special concern of the churches, but now it is being taken up on a national pattern.

The Secretary of a London Old People's Welfare Association told me how visiting is planned in her area of two square miles. Rather to her surprise she finds that men choose to be visited by men, and women by women; but both welcome the young. Five o'clock to seven is the best time, since the old, like children, believe that fun begins as soon as the tea-things are cleared away; and this works well, as during the day most of her visitors are tied to offices. They come from all ages and classes. Each takes one

case, sometimes two, to whom they go about every ten days. Good listeners are of course the most useful. It is really an adoption scheme, without liability, and once friendship has been established the visitor can do more than just draw off steam, and, reporting back to the committee, can indicate what other services may be needed: the Mobile Library, membership of a club, cooked meals or Home Helps, social comandos who do housework and shopping and all the necessary odd jobs, such as fetching pensions. Most important of all, however, is that those who are perhaps quite cut off from the world are regularly cheered up by someone they have learned to like and trust.

Cooked meals. Rations are dreary, and if you can't queue and



are short of money the larder is a sad sight. To this Meals On Wheels are the answer. Pioneered by the Red Cross in the war, the scheme has been expanded by other bodies, notably the W.V.S. What it does is to deliver cheap, hot, two-course dinners straight to old people in their homes. As you will notice, Mr. Punch's Artist and I accompanied one of these savoury expeditions, in an ancient van that reminded us inside of the galley of a ten-tonner. The menu was boiled ham, with potatoes, cabbage and peas, followed by rhubarb tart and custard, cooked in the equivalent of a British Restaurant. Honest helpings, all for tenpence. Some of the recipients met us eagerly at the door, but some were crippled or in bed, and then the Orders of the Day bore curious footnotes, such as "Knock three times LOUDLY, key will come down on a string." Cash on delivery, and your own plates. The lady in charge served the food, and two nice girls from the Civics Class of the local secondary school carried it in. This seemed to me a grand idea, and the girls thought so too. They were missing algebra. Keeping the food hot in transit is a thorny problem. At present vacuum equipment is not in general use, and towards the end of the list the gravy gets thicker. The van we rode in delivers only once a week, but even that is a start.

And then, clubs. You can get about, but you are bored and lonely. The club we went to, in a house in its own grounds in the south of London, was unusually large, with eighteen hundred members. Anyone of either sex can join

it at sixty-five, and a wife or husband of sixty can come too. Annual subscription, four shillings! Staffed by nearly a hundred W.V.S. workers, operating on a rota, it's open five days a week from eleven to eight. Lunch costs a shilling, tea threepence. If the picture which springs to your mind is composed of ear-trumpets and gloom it couldn't possibly be less accurate. We arrived about three, and found a dance in full swing in the big lounge, not the lackadaisical meandering that passes for dancing in other spheres but a real rousing affair with no kidding. Round the crowded floor sat long rows of old ladies and gentlemen, exchanging highly critical backchat with the dancers. A completely family atmosphere. Pipes. Lots of flowers. One of the members played the piano.

Out in the garden, which was beautifully kept, needle clock-golf was being played on a lawn edged by deck-chairs. A weatherbeaten old gentleman with green fingers was directing weeding operations farther on. We were shown good kitchens and a pleasant dining-room, and upstairs a peaceful library and a billiard-room that is never empty. Everywhere was gaiety and activity, and a feeling of youth rather than age. In the crafts

room twenty contented old ladies were absorbed in learning to make paper flowers, and learning mightily quickly.

The W.V.S. warden in charge obviously had a genius for making people happy. She ragged the members, and they ragged her back, and all the works seemed marvellously oiled by mutual affection. Next morning a party of ten (girls and boys) were off to the seaside for a week at half rates. She told us that when one of the members gets ill, or grows too old to attend, the others visit enthusiastically. In a year there have been seven marriages, and plenty more are brewing.

This club happened to be more fortunate than most, in being able to open so often. Excellent work is being done in the growing chain of smaller clubs, run by a number of different organizations. . . .

A youngster of seventy was giving a birthday party in the conservatory. As he cut the cake he observed that all he asked for were a few more years, in which to go on enjoying a place that had swept all the loneliness from his life.

ERIC KEOWN



THE HONOURABLE MRS. JUSTICE



THE Honourable Mrs. Justice Chaffinch has taken her seat upon the Bench. Festoons of orchids and snapdragon and huzzas from the gallery greeted the High Court's first lady judge. Her ladyship wore a wig worked by hand in *cheveux de cheval* with effectively simple linen bands and flared-back gown of scarlet taffeta—the usual judicial rig. One admirer leapt on to a pile of law reports and demanded her ladyship's autograph. Not until he had been committed to prison for contempt was judicial tranquillity established.

The time had now come for the Bar to tender its dutiful appreciation. Scragg, K.C., raised his six feet six inches of legal learning, and cast a glance round the court like a giraffe on reconnaissance.

"May it please your ladyship," he began, "it has fallen to my lot upon this noble and, if I may say so, auspicious occasion humbly to submit to your ladyship the felicitations—"

"Mr. Scragg—" interrupted the learned judge.

"M'luddy?"

"Have you any authority for employing this peculiar form of address?"

Scragg, K.C. "There appears, my lady, to be no case precisely in point. Your ladyship's happy elevation to the Bench is itself a precedent which, I venture to submit, will be the fruitful mother of a numerous progeny. I would ask your ladyship to approach this matter by way of analogy. It is

customary to use the feminine gender—"

Chaffinch, J. "What is the feminine gender?"

Scragg, K.C. "My lady, it is insusceptible to precise definition. There is no part of the world of nature which it does not pervade, even, if I may be permitted to say so, the legal world. Thousands of poets have devoted to it both passionate inspiration and mature reflection, yet none has been able to plumb its mysteries. In these circumstances I can but ask your ladyship to take judicial notice of its existence."

Chaffinch, J. "Very well, Mr. Scragg. Proceed with your argument."

Scragg, K.C. "I was about to observe to your ladyship that in certain inferior Courts, as for example, where the chairman of the Bench is a woman—"

Chaffinch, J. "Then why is she not a chairwoman?"

Scragg, K.C. "It is submitted that she should be, but perhaps out of legal conservatism, perhaps to avoid confusion with the char—"

Chaffinch, J. "What about her, anyway?"

Scragg, K.C. "It is customary to address her as madam. Indeed, my lady, I have heard that the curious phrase 'Madam Chairman' is not considered improper."

Chaffinch, J. "Is not a woman Member of Parliament addressed as Sir?"

Scragg, K.C. "I am informed that when she asks a question she



is answered in the masculine, as though she were a gentleman. But I ask your ladyship to say that a lady can never be a gentleman."

Chaffinch, J. "Perhaps, Mr. Scragg, your submission is that a gentleman can never be a lady?"

Scragg, K.C. "If your ladyship pleases. With the greatest deference and respect I invite your ladyship to approve the course which I have adopted of addressing your ladyship as your ladyship. If, however, your ladyship is disposed to hold, whether as a question of law or of fact, that your ladyship is your lordship, then I will not press the matter further; but if your lordship or your ladyship would also indicate whether it is my lord or my lady, it really doesn't matter which—"

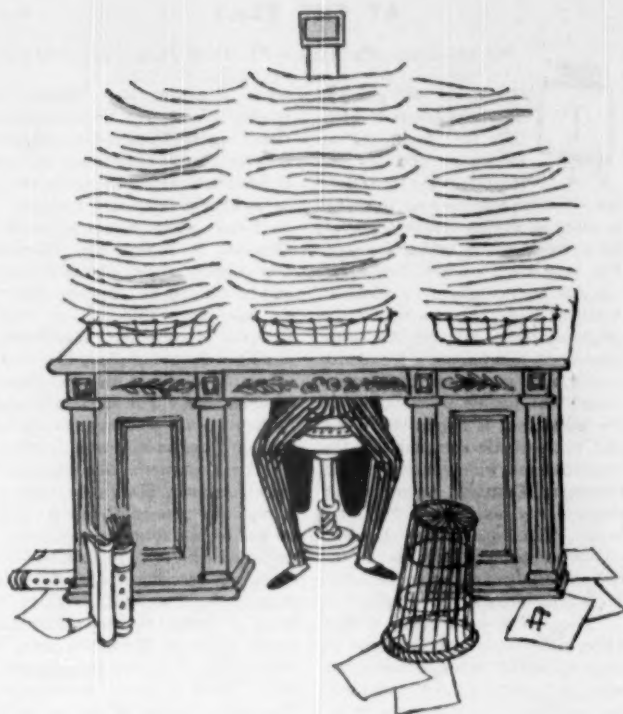
Chaffinch, J. "Thank you, Mr. Scragg. . . . I have listened most carefully to the arguments addressed to me by learned counsel of the greatest distinction, and I now have to decide a novel but important point. Must a judge, though not male, yet be masculine? No authority has been cited before me in support of this contention. Indeed I am happy to say that Mr. Scragg has not endeavoured to support it. Accordingly I shall decide the question on its merits. In my search for some principle of decision it occurred to me that the symbol of justice is and always has been a woman, admittedly blindfold, but nevertheless a woman. The figure of that woman surmounts every Court of Justice throughout the globe. That figure, with the bandage stripped from her eyes, has at last begun to take human flesh and spirit. Justice is a woman: the judge may also be a woman, and the time is not far distant when she always will be. But if she is, then she may—and indeed must—be addressed as a lady, and I so hold. Mr. Scragg—"

Scragg, K.C. "M'luddy?"

Chaffinch, J. "See that this case is reported."

Scragg, K.C. "If your ladyship pleases. Your ladyship makes the declaration with costs?"

Chaffinch, J. "Yes. The court is adjourned."



"Yes?"

IMPORTANT FESTIVALS OF 1950

Hastings Musical Festival, 14 - 17 June

Brahms and Haydn, with the local orchestra and visiting soloists.

Aldeburgh Festival, 17 - 23 June

Festival of British music in the setting of a small fishing town. First performance of new opera, *The Sleeping Children*, by Brian Easdale.

Cheltenham Festival, 3 - 13 July

British contemporary music: a new piano concerto by Sir Arnold Bax.

Glyndebourne Festival, 6 - 23 July

Opera in an ideal theatre with a country house atmosphere. *Così fan Tutte* and *Il Seraglio*.

Haslemere Festival, 15 - 22 July

Old music played on contemporary instruments by the

Dolmetach family and their associates.

Royal National Eisteddfod, 7 - 12 August

At Caerphilly. Festival of Welsh music and poetry.

Edinburgh Festival, 20 August - 9 September

Music, ballet and drama, lavish in quantity and quality. Three British symphony orchestras and three from overseas; the Glyndebourne opera company; a new play by Dr. James Bridie.

Three Choirs Festival, 3 - 8 September

The combined choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford Cathedrals in choral and orchestral concerts in the setting of Gloucester Cathedral.

AT THE PLAY

His Excellency (PRINCES) — *The Ivory Tower* (VAUDEVILLE)

THE noise of political axes being ground seldom fails to grate on an audience. During the last few years there have been various attempts on the stage to score off the Government, and all have collapsed in embarrassment. For very clear reasons *His Excellency* is an exception. Looked at coldly it lacks balance, for only a single character matters, the other players in this one-man band providing little more than background notes; but judged by its effect in the theatre it is admirable, a fair and sympathetic comment on the modern scene, which DOROTHY and CAMPBELL CHRISTIE make almost continuously exciting. No axes here. The authors are decently objective, using politics for an intelligent study of changing methods. Their treatment is above party.

They show us a cocky trades union leader sent out as Governor to clean up labour unrest in an island with an important naval dockyard. Against the advice of his experts he brings in drastic reforms, and when these produce riots he is obliged, to his shame and misery, to call out troops and let them shoot. He has been on strike himself too often not to know what all this means to the sheep behind the leaders. In the

tense situation that follows he triumphs only by the unconventional enterprise of being smuggled into the men's meeting, and in a hail of brickbats giving them the works in his best street-corner manner.

Even when most pigheaded, Harrison is honest and likeable. The conflict within him is moving, and in the end he wins our respect no less than that of his staff. In spite of occasional inaudibility Mr. ERIC PORTMAN plays him magnificently, down to the last detail of behaviour. For humanity and brilliance his performance ranks with any now to be seen in London. As the Governor's nice daughter Miss ANNABEL MAULE is capital, though she seemed to me to pick up the official form—and accent—rather quickly. The Lieutenant-Governor, standing for caution, is charmingly taken by Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW. I thought the only unfairness was to the Navy: Mr. IAN FLEMING's crusty Admiral, very properly put under arrest, is surely out-of-date. The Army comes off better with Mr. ARNOLD BELL's cheerfully cynical General. Miss LINDA GRAY makes a convincing diplomatic wife, and Mr. JOHN WOOD a resourceful Military Secretary. Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN's production has polish, falling short only in good speaking.



[The Ivory Tower

Cramped Quarters

Jan Daubek—MR. FRANCIS LISTER

AXES are also absent from another political piece, *The Ivory Tower*, by Mr. WILLIAM TEMPLETON, but it is a curiously lame affair. Aiming at tragedy it succeeds in being no more than mildly depressing. In essentials based, presumably, on the end of Jan Masaryk, its story of a great patriot defeated by Communism is stretched out in undramatic domestic episodes, even the suicide leaving us untouched. The introduction of a practically half-witted wife is no help. Mr. FRANCIS LISTER suggests the sensitivity of a martyr but not the drive of a statesman. Miss MARY HINTON is wasted. Nor is Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY quite at home as a ruthless villain. The patriot's young daughter is played with sincerity by Miss ELIZABETH HENSON, and Mr. HUGH McDERMOTT gives a quietly sound account of an American correspondent.

Recommended

New stuff at last. *Background*, at the Westminster, for divorcee from the children's angle. *The Holly and the Ivy*, at the Duchess, for a provocative play about a family. And *Touch and Go*, at the Prince of Wales, for crisp American revue.

ERIC KEOWN



[His Excellency

Daniel and the Leopards

His Excellency the Governor—MR. ERIC PORTMAN

THE BIG FIGHT

"BUT the best fight I ever saw," continued the little man, patting the three fountain-pens in his breast pocket, "was at Medicine Square Garden way back in . . . well, it's a heck of a time ago . . . between . . . see now . . . you know, the big fellow, Jack—er—"

"Dempsey?" said the Authority, examining his drink against the light.

"No, not Dempsey—er—I'll be forgetting my own name next. Jack—"

"By the way, what is your name?" said the Authority.

"Harrison—why? Oh, I get it, friend. Ha-ha!"

The Authority grinned and shook his head slowly.

"Well, never mind, the other chap was Joe . . . Joe . . . Brandles! Would that be it, Brandles?" said the little man hopefully.

"Never heard of him," said the Authority.

"Well, it's a material . . . Jack whatsname. Jack was the champ and Joe . . . Joe something or other was sort of up and coming. A good boy. Hottest night I've ever known, and New York can be hot, let me tell you. Big crowd, every seat, film stars, big shots and everything. Well, I happen to know a friend of Jack's, and he's let me in on it that the champ's going to lay down and lose 'cause he's got a packet on the other boy, see. Not going to try to win, follow?"

"I follow," said the Authority wearily.

"So naturally I've got a bit myself on this Joe. Well, at last the prelims are over and then Jack comes down to the ring in a purple and blue striped dressing gown, and he gets a big hand. Then Joe. They climb in the ring and start putting their gloves on . . ."

The Authority took out his watch.

"What time d'you make it?" he said, looking at me.

"The clock's always ten minutes fast," I said. "Sorry."

"Anyway, to cut a long story short," said the little man quickly, "Jack's soon in trouble, but he



"Your Tom's kept behind for downright insubordination and unmitigated insolence . . ."

stays up so nothing will look fishy, like. Then out of the blue Joe hits him a terrific wallop well below the belt. They're fighting under Marcus of Queensberry rules, so really Jack's won on a foul, but Jack says to the ref 'It's O.K., it was but an accident,' and the fight continues. Jack doesn't want to win, see. Then, next round he comes out fighting and slugs Joe miles below the belt and Jack's disqualified; Joe wins on a foul. Afterwards it came out that

Joe wanted to lose too. Best fight I ever saw."

"You were actually there, then," said the Authority.

"Didn't I just say so?" said the little man.

"Pity you can't remember who Jack was."

The little man screwed up his face in simulated concentration.

"Jack—er—Jack . . . Can't think why it's slipped my memory," he said.

"But isn't it Hemingway?" I said. "I seem to remember some yarn about . . ."

"That's it," said the little man, "Jack Hemingway. Jack Hemingway. He'd have beaten Woodcock and Savold with his brains tied behind his back."

"Funny thing," said the Authority, winking at me, "I can remember the exact size of the purse. It was . . ."

"Don't tell me," said the little man, patting his three fountain-pens, "don't tell me. The purse was . . . let me see now . . ."

"Fifty grand," said the Authority.

"That's it," said the little man. "Fifty grand. Dead right. No, I'm wrong: the best fight I ever saw at Medicine Square Garden, now I come to think of it, was between . . ."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Although I don't play myself I shan't be sorry when we get a larger flat."

CREEPING UP

A FAITHFUL follower of the art exhibitions remarked the other day that when waiting for a train at a country station he had been astonished to see on the platform two Stanley Spencers. He did not mean paintings by the artist but two living "Spencers"—or Spencer-like people who might have stepped from one of those crowded canvases which have attracted so much notice at the Royal Academy this year. He described them as "dumpy" people with a strangely vacant expression, dressed in what appeared to be a sort of coarsely patterned gunny-sacking.

"Nature creeping up to art again," he observed, in jocular reminiscence of Whistler, and added a hope that Nature in this instance was not going to overdo it and get too close.

The present writer had a similar experience after paying a visit to Kenwood (once again open to the public) to look at the late Lord Iveagh's old masters. There on the walls were Sir Joshua Reynolds's pretty children; and afterwards, in the 210 bus, there again was one of them in real life, with floating curls, wide blue eyes and little button nose, clearly an eighteenth-century

twelve-year-old, though dressed in modern school rig-out and carrying some exercise books instead of the pet lamb which Sir Joshua's model hugged.

All of which suggests the question whether we do really see anything until in some way or other it has been "put down"—on paper or canvas. "Beautiful," two friends will murmur before an attractive stretch of country; but is their agreement more than verbal? One may be admiring a play of light, but the other may simply be feeling good about the prospects of the harvest. It remains for the artist to give "beauty" a shape. As Ruskin somewhere says, it took the combined efforts of Greece and Italy to teach us what a human being looks like.

One ought not to laugh at the oriental potentate who was greatly disturbed because a western artist, painting him side-face, gave him only one eye. An immense amount of artistic effort preceded the discovery of the profile. If one had the sort of mind that analyses witty remarks, one would say, no doubt, that what is comprehensively called "Nature" is quite indifferent to the peculiar activities of artists and does not "creep up" at all. It is we who do the creeping up, but still

the effect is the same: our contemplation of nature is enriched when we can recognize its masterpieces. Lean over Waterloo Bridge a little after sunset, and suddenly, like a colossal oil painting, the dim blue nocturne of Whistler himself is likely to appear before the eyes.

Refresh your memory of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and thereafter you may be surprised at the number of Rossetti girls to be seen about: "stunners" with swan necks and a coppery magnificence of hair—in tea-shops, business offices, even working on the land. The type created by Mr. Augustus John exists in Chelsea and out of it. One might say, indeed, there are as many types of women as there are painters of them.

Yet, in spite of the examples quoted above, it must be confessed that Nature (to continue in the spirit of Whistler's phrase) is capable of occasional lapses of taste, is sometimes uncritical enough to "creep" towards art which is not of the highest standard. Turning from its mediocre tendencies, whether in portrait or landscape, it seems logical to conclude that in order to see Nature to advantage one must look at the best pictures.

WILLIAM GAUNT

BALLAD OF WILLIE'S RABBIT

SWEET Willie and his mither,
All on a simmer's day,
They ran to catch a ta' tramcar
Was just about to gae.

"Turn back, turn back, my mither
dear,
Frae aff this tramcar ta';
Sae fast ye pu'd me by the
hand
I've lat my rabbit fa'."

"Your rabbit he was varry
auld,
His left ear was awa',

And gin we stay to pick him
up
We'll miss our train and a'.

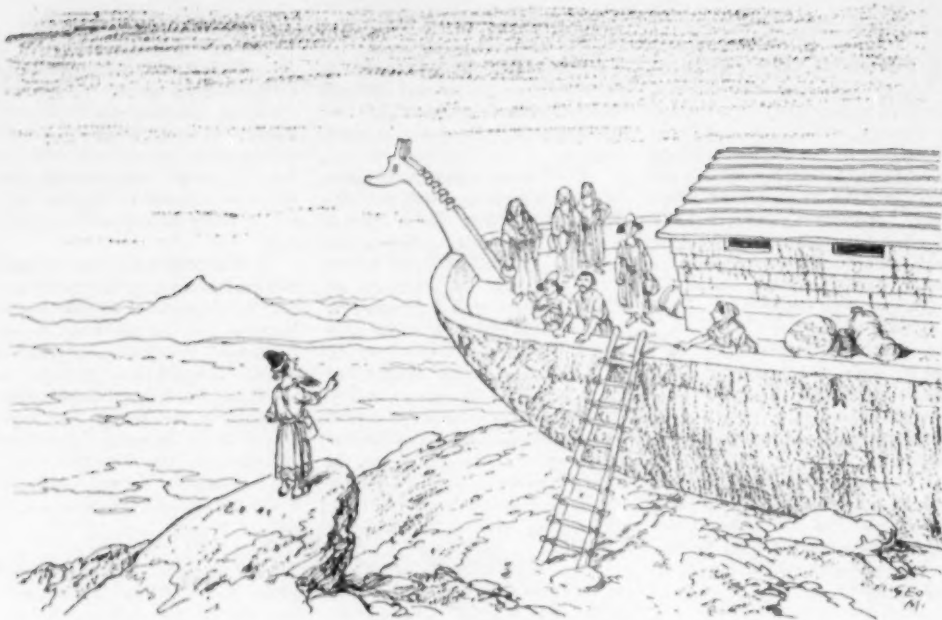
"Your rabbit he was varry
auld,
Wi' sawdust drappin' down,
And ye sall hae a new rabbit
Whan we come tae the toun."

"There's nae new rabbit in the
ward
Sall comfort me at a';
I lo'ed him as my ae brither,
And I've lat him down fa'."

The tram-driver he stept him down,
Gaed back along the street,
And he has ta'en that rabbit up
Among the people's feet:

Says "Tak your rabbit, Willie,
There's sawdust yet within;
I had rather rin this hundred mile
Than hear sae muckle din."

"Come here, come here, my rabbit
dear,
And I'll nae langer greet;
But wae betide my ill mither,
Wad left ye in the street."



"Yes, we can all land if we want to, but of course the animals will have to go into quarantine."

THE MAN AND THE PENCIL

THE woman in the deck-chair stirred the grass idly with the toe of her shoe. Something on the ground seemed to attract her attention. She reached out casually and picked it up.

It was a thin metal cylinder with a square cap on one end. The man took it from her and wiped it clean with his handkerchief. He unscrewed the cap. It was a ball-pointed ink pencil. "I never find things!" he complained, disgruntled.

He twisted the pencil grudgingly round in his fingers. "Not very suitable for a woman, is it?" he commented.

The woman said "No!"

"No. You'll have people asking you where you got hold of it."

"I'll tell them I found it in the park," the woman answered.

"They'll think you ought to have handed it in. Someone will say to you one day 'It's mine.'" He searched round on the ground

with his eyes, wondering if there was another one for him.

The woman ignored the undertones, and put out her hand to take the pencil. "Let me look at it," she invited.

The man appeared reluctant. The woman insisted. "Let me see."

Centuries of civilization, intervening, overbore the primitiveness of the man's desire not to part with the pencil. He brought himself to give it up. The woman examined it curiously, and opened her bag and put it away.

The man watched its disappearance with mingled resentment and unbelief. The woman looked at him and laughed. "I do think you're ridiculous!" she said.

"Me?"

"You'd think it was solid gold or something!" She opened the bag again, took the pencil out, and looked at it.

"Here," she said to him. "You can have it, of course."

The man hesitated. "You were the one who found it," he admitted.

"You can have it," she said.

The man maintained the position obstinately. "But it's your pencil."

The woman considered, and met the needs of the situation with a compromise. She thrust the pencil determinedly in the man's pocket. With an air of finality she told him "You can keep it for me!"

5 5

Q x B

THE vicar's correspondence game of chess

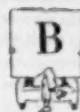
Shows little sign of ultimate success; But still, not many clergymen can boast

That they have lost their bishop in the post.

MARK HOLLIS

BOOKING OFFICE

Beards and Lesser Cultures



Y eighty the average man has grown, and in most cases shamefully wasted, twenty-seven feet of beard, or nearly sufficient to cover half a cricket pitch. This unique opportunity for personal expression has not always, however, been thrown away. Hans Steinger, burgomaster of Braunau, grew a beaver of such proportions that in 1567 it tripped him up and slew him, before finding permanent haven in the town museum; and history affords many other stirring examples of men who have not spurned nature's thoughtful provision for obscuring the human face. You may read of these in *Beards*, a large and delightfully perverse piece of scholarship by Mr. Reginakl Reynokls, himself an unthatched author. The impatient reader who likes to travel as the crow flies will no doubt find it a maddening book, but to those who can take the digression fanciful, in this case on the chin, it is warmly recommended. The test is Sterne, whose influence on Mr. Reynolds is very marked. If a Shandy addict you will welcome the shoals of erudite red herrings that dart wildly across these pages, pursued with much malicious wit.

For the Jew, the Moslem and the peoples of the Far East the beard has long possessed mystic significance, and in Europe it figured so controversially in middle Papal history that to this a thick slice of the book is entertainingly devoted. Its ethics have proved a watershed of pious opinion, as those of eyebrows, for instance, have never done; to some it has seemed only manly and virtuous, while to others the apotheosis of the carnal and worldly. At different times it has been widely banned, and seldom for such practical reasons as those of Alexander, who denied the enemy a handle. It has also frequently been taxed, though Elizabeth's squalid attempt to mulct her more hirsute subjects according to their age and social standing was successfully resisted. The Sixteenth Century, when the Spaniards led the fashion, using starch, and the Seventeenth, when the French dominated the scene, putting their beards to bed in elaborate gins, were the great periods of the cult, though in this country the reign of another queen, Victoria, was to see a luxuriant renaissance.

Beards have been strangely disposed. An Austrian archduke sent his as a gift to the King of Hungary (rather as Van Gogh presented his ear to his mistress), and King Baldwin of Jerusalem put his in pawn to shame his father-in-law into paying his debts. And it is a mistake to think of them only as decoration, for the French admiral, Coligny, kept his toothpicks in a fine specimen, and a hundred years ago the London "Methodist Quarterly Review" urged on ministers the value of a beard as a protection against bronchial ills. Among primitive races the beard has also been employed to induce rainfall, which would appear to be the best argument for keeping the English clean-shaven. Mr. Reynolds fails to give any satisfactory explanation of the fact that the incidence of beards among artists and suchlike is higher than among the more prosaic

callings. My only objections to a book which gave me keen pleasure are that it has no index, no pictures (what a chance missed!) and entirely ignores the vital questions of arson and insurance.

Beards are about the sole crop not mentioned in *The Country Companion*, by F. D. Smith and Barbara Wilcox, a fat dictionary of rural life which offers a vast assortment of information with a pleasantly dry humour. Farmers, gardeners, naturalists, sportsmen, cooks and parlour vintners are all catered for extensively. Even the legal tangle in which the countryman is enmeshed is partially unknotted. Excellent illustrations complete a work which none of those with straws in their beards should be without.

From beards to cacti is but a short step. Nature has never turned a sharper joke than these fantastic pincushions, rivalling the camel in their power to hoard water. From Miss Vera Higgins' *The Cactus Grower's Guide* you will find that a curious snobbery pervades the higher reaches of the game, but that at little cost and trouble your window-sill can be made infinitely funnier.

ERIC KEOWNS

The Disconsolate Philosopher

Most of Mr. Aldous Huxley's new volume of essays, *Themes and Variations*, is occupied by a readable, though negative, discussion of the psychological speculations of the French metaphysician Maine de Biran. To his previous interest in mysticism Mr. Huxley has added an interest in paranormal psychology; and his old preoccupation with the solidity of



the corruptible flesh continues to direct his intellectual vitality towards pessimism. The only consolation he offers is Contemplation, but it is a Contemplation withered because deracinated: mystics must have some kind of theology. The other essays dwell on the mortuary emblems on Baroque tombs, Piranesi's "The Prisons," Goya's studies of war and revolution, El Greco's "oppressive and disquieting universe," the totalitarian use of psychology to enchain the unconscious, and the approaching doom of humanity by pressure of population on wasting soil. His incidental comments are as learned and acute as in the past, but the "total gesture" of these studies is somehow flat and poster-like.

R. G. G. P.

Beaux Restes

The French genius for using up the bits is happily evinced in its treatment of *grand'mère*. Three-generation households are common, thriving particularly well in the country; and where there are children or animals (or both) about, *grand'mère* is venerated and made use of—a pleasant technique for all concerned. When therefore Mrs. Robert Henry sets out to dedicate the third volume of her Norman farm trilogy to her mother—the old lady who was left on the quay at Saint-Malo when war broke out and installed near Lisieux at the end of it—one has high hopes of an unusual book with *grand'mère* well to the fore. These hopes, however, fade as *Matilda and the Chickens* cede to the writer, her film-star son and a circle of Norman neighbours somewhat the worse for occupation and *résistance*. It is a chance missed. How one would have enjoyed, for instance, Matilda's missing narrative of what happened between Saint-Malo and Lisieux.

H. P. E.



Hollwood

"In a way, I suppose, we ought to be grateful to the last generation."

Ten Years After

American writers—or even Erich Remarque himself—could not have produced such a taut and dramatic book as Robert Merle's *Week-end at Zuydcoote*. Dunkirk, the burning of a British trooper, the pathetic plight of the French who could not be evacuated to England, the bombings, the sexual lawlessness, are all seen through the eyes of a solitary French soldier, Maillat. Like a caged rat he is doomed, but before the curtain comes down on his own life we are shown the lives of English soldiers and British officers, all at a point of crisis in two of the most appalling days of the recent war. Some (like the British officer) quote Shakespeare; others assault young French girls (like the two French soldiers) or insult their officers; most are shocked by events into some form of uncharacteristic behaviour. Apart from such words as "goosh" and "pals" (which are hardly good equivalents of French Army slang) the translation by K. Rebillon-Lambley is admirable.

B. K.

The Ancient and the Modern

The Close and its inhabitants have always been among the favourite scenes and characters of English novelists. Lady Peck uses them effectively and originally in *Facing South*, for her Lanthorn Abbey has been restored from ruins by old Canon Pallin, to the consternation of his children, who saw their inheritance disappearing into its stones, and against its background she shows us the clash between Victorian and contemporary ways of life. Two sons, two daughters and a dead daughter's son are trying to discover some way of saving the remnants of the Canon's fortune, hampered by the fact that he is not dead but a mindless invalid in a nursing home. This gives Lady Peck grand opportunity of exploiting those upper-middle-class protagonists, ancient and modern, whom she uses so well. Here their stories, their actions and reactions, focused inside the hours of a single day, provide material for a chronicle sometimes pathetic, sometimes charming, always true to life.

B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

- Beards*. Reginald Reynolds. (Allen and Unwin, 18/-)
The Country Companion. F. D. Smith and Barbara Wilcox. (Black, 18/-)
The Cactus Grower's Guide. Vera Higgins. (Latimer House, 7/6)
Themes and Variations. Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus, 12/6)
Matilda and the Chickens. Mrs. Robert Henry: illustrated with line drawings by Diana Stanley. (Dent, 15/-)
Week-end at Zuydcoote. Robert Merle. (John Lehmann, 9/6)
Facing South. Winifred Peck. (Faber, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Fox Sisters*. Magdalen King-Hall. (Peter Davies, 9/6) Colourful fictional life of the famous American mediums, whom the author finds unequivocally to have been fakes, though she is disappointingly more reticent about their methods than their motives.
The Black Seven. Carol Kendall. (The Bodley Head, 9/6) Gay treatment of the Sinister Family theme, with gruesome details and a juvenile detective who is the brightest novelty in whodunits for years.

7, 15, 27a or 36 to Royal Oak and then walk. I wouldn't take a taxi. New Cross, I'd take a tram."

"That's not always so simple, either," Thorn said. "I once owned a short section of tramway. That would be before your time. It was only a couple of hundred yards, but it lay in a busy part of the city and carried thousands of trams every week. Each one paid a ha'penny. They had what were called running powers—it was my bit of tramway all right, nobody denied it, but I couldn't stop them going over it, because there was some agreement. But what I did discover was that the agreement said nothing about coming back."

"One day I got nearly four hundred trams down at the terminus by the football ground, and I wouldn't let them come back. 'Over my dead body,' I told them, grandly."

"It was a bitter day, and they organized a shuttle service between the terminus and my bit to keep themselves warm. Meanwhile the rest of the city was being drained of trams at the rate of two every seven minutes. The local taxi-drivers' association presented me with an illuminated address afterwards."

"The authorities brought out breakdown trams and old, old trams that had seen better days, and threw them into service, but my end of the

town drew them like a magnet and we packed them in. At one time we estimated that we had a hundred thousand people queueing at tram stops up and down the city. Then me and Joe started taking up my bit of the track with crowbars—it was part of the joke."

"I shouldn't think it's any joke owning trams these days," Percy said. "It's mostly trolley buses now."

"It was me made them decide to have trolley buses in our town," Thorn admitted. "I drove the last tram on the last journey, and they

issued special tickets to commemorate it. But the last time of anything is always sad."

"The last time I was in Alexander Street, New Cross, certainly was," said the taxi-driver. "I'd come out without my coupons and I ran out of petrol. Anybody ever pushed a taxi from New Cross to Waterloo with a passenger inside keeping on saying 'Do you think we shall make it?'"

"It would have paid you to get a tow and split the fare," said Irma.

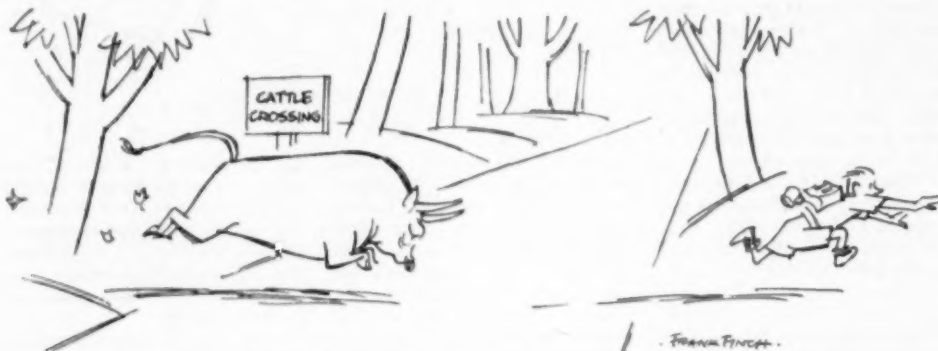
"I was too proud," said the taxi-driver.

BACK ROOM JOYS HAVING TIED A PARCEL

THERE!

Rectilinear, clear,
Defined, sharp-lined,
Neat, complete,
Tight, finite,
Unspotted, deft-knotted,
Witness to prowess,
Our tidy parcel lies
Sharply pleasing our eyes
With that criss-cross symmetrical design
To which children, peasants and ourselves incline.
Here is something we have created;
In it are equated
Our pleasure in the practical with our feeling for
abstract art,
And above all, and these things apart,
It is done.
Fun!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher's first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lost, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O. 1905. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1s. 6d.; elsewhere Overseas 3s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Ireland 36s. Overseas 36s. (U.S.A. 35s.); Canada 34s. or 35s. 6d.



DO FARMERS TALK T.I.P

Lots of people today are called Wainwright or Smith simply because some ancestor specialised in agricultural machinery. By that token, thousands more may one day be known as Mr. T.I. . . . because T.I. certainly work for farmers. They supply the precision steel tubing, the wrought aluminium alloy, which are the basis of so many of the modern farmer's tools.

When farmers talk tractors, milk transport tankers, separators, cheese vats, bottle filling plant and many kindred subjects, more than likely they are talking T.I. while their ploughman no longer homeward plods his weary way. He cycles T.I.

The letters T.I. mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Trinfalgat 5611). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated T.I. group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture . . . and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.



THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS



When you go abroad

Lloyds Bank will be pleased to advise you about exchange regulations and will deal with the necessary applications for travel money. In approved cases, Letters of Credit, Travellers' Cheques and permitted amounts of foreign currency can be supplied. These services are available at any branch of the Bank.

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests



Keep your face young...



Field-Day contains Glycerine, so giving a speedy shave with maximum after-comfort for the most tender skin.

A FIELD-DAY GLYCERINE SHAVE DOES NOT TAKE IT OUT OF THE SKIN—IT PUTS SOMETHING IN

...with a glycerine
FIELD-DAY
Brushless Shave

Now in New
Luxury Tars!



ALSO IN
TUBES

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD—ESTABLISHED OVER 300 YEARS

You'd never think he was 52!



His verve and vitality come from a healthy digestion—the life-long practice of what is known as rest-therapy—the simple habit of resting the digestion from time to time. Benger's Food contains enzymes akin to those which perform the miracle of human digestion and can thus supplement any temporary deficiency (to be expected in middle age) which may be the danger signal of gastric trouble.

Sustaining and satisfying. Benger's Food soothes and calms the stomach, gives it a chance to recover naturally.

Benger's Food

A partially pre-digested food for invalids, old people and anyone whose digestion is out of order.



"Benger's Food" is a regd. trade mark of Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

48251



HOT WATER? EASY!

Easy on you, easy on your pocket, easy on your fuel! An Everburne unit, used in your ordinary back-boiler grate, gives constant hot water on any fuel, however poor. No wasted heat or discomfort on hot days. No electricity or gas used. No installation—instantly removable whenever you prefer an open fire. No danger when you are out or asleep. Price 66/- tax free, as demonstrated at Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia.



For fuller details write
EVERBURN LTD.
Dept. K.4
HARROGATE YORKSHIRE

SUSSEX • WINCHELSEA

Yew Tree House

Briefly: Hospitality, mellow and unobtrusive—20th Century comforts—History (and buses!) on the doorstep—the beauty of the Sussex Countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure and terms on request—Tel. 223

Burgh Island Hotel

BIGBURY BAY
SOUTH DEVON

THE Hotel, in a unique
setting

Telegrams or Telephone:
Bigbury-on-Sea 272

Write for brochure to Manager

The Loveliest Hotel in Sussex **TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL** NOTTINGHAM ST. BRIGHTON

Every modern comfort in a choice old world setting. 85 Bedrooms, Continental Cuisine, Tennis, Swimming, Dancing Nightly. 2 Golf Courses adjacent.

KYNOCH
ESTABLISHED 1788
SCARVES
KEITH SCOTLAND



"I always enjoy travelling now"

BY RAIL, ROAD, SEA AND AIR

TRAVIKALM

TABLETS

prevent Travel Sickness

THE MODERN METHOD

1/6 (including tax) in handy tubes. A "Gentlemen's" Product

Every dinghy a motor dinghy



A day afloat yields the fisherman peace of mind and his catch, and whets his appetite as well. The cupful of petrol used by his "Seagull" in taking him out to his "grounds" and back again is an investment in health and contentment.

BRITISH SEAGULL

The best Outboard Motor in the World

THE BRITISH SEAGULL COMPANY LIMITED • POOLE • DORSET

MOTH MENACE MOUNTS!

Are your clothes safe?



no moths with

When moths approach your wardrobe let them find MOTHAKS there! When they try to creep into drawers, foil them again with pleasant-smelling MOTHAKS. Prevent eggs from ever being laid, and all your clothes are safe. Hang a MOTHAK on every hanger and put some in every drawer. A few shillings invested in MOTHAKS will save you many pounds.

8 for 8d.

MOTHAKS

MADE BY THOMPSON & CAPPERS WHOLESALE LTD., LIVERPOOL, 19.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS!



POST your FILMS
to—

Will R. Rose LTD.

23 BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER
Write for Price List and special Postcard Wrapper

and you will get
magnified prints from
your small films—

Get
'Magna Prints'



SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE
SAUCE MELBA

also various other
Sauces, Pickles,
Chutney and Fish
and Meat Pastes

Escoffier



Nothing but the best!

For all gardeners

Andy

GARDEN GLOVES

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores.

or direct from the manufacturer—

TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE

Cash's

WOVEN NAME TAPES

Once Woven IN...

NEVER wash out!

Obtainable in a variety of
styles and colours, through
drapers and outfitters.

Colours fast to

repeated washings.

ALL ORDERS NOW

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

3 doz. 6/-, 6 doz. 8/-, 12 doz. 12/-

(including Purchase Tax)

J. & J. CASH LTD. COVENTRY

A PERFECT POLISH

RONUK

FURNITURE CREAM

Immediate Delivery OF DUNLOPILLO MATTRESSES

For the first time since the war you can buy Dunlopillo, at once. Immediate delivery can be given of most sizes.

If you are one of the many thousands who have waited for the most comfortable, economical and hygienic mattress which has ever been made see your furnisher without delay and Look for "Dunlopillo" on the mattress. You will agree that it was worth waiting for.

From all good furnishers

Specimen Prices including P.T.

Size 6' 0" or 6' 3" long 3' 0" wide 4' 6" wide
The "Deep Six" (6" deep) £17:4:10. £25:16:10.
The "Famous Four" (4" deep) £11:9:10. £17: 4:10.

Write for leaflet to

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., (Dunlopillo Division), Rice Lane, Walton, Liverpool 9, London; 19/20 New Bond Street, W.1

FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY
SIC/10184



CLAYTON'S ORANGE SQUASH

Delicious, thirst quenching and only 2/6 a bottle

158

The Humble Grace of Dr. Clement

There lived in Edwardian times, a courtly, kindly physician who regarded a well-cooked meal as one of the worthier bounties of providence. His name was Doctor Clement.

When served with a faultless feast comprising such dishes as Consommé Chevreuse; Saumon de la Loire Régence; Noisettes d'Agneau Chateleine; Dindonneau rôti à la broche; Petits Pois au beurre d'Isigny; Foie Gras Glacé au Porto; Salade Marigny; Bombe Valentinoise and Corbeille de fruits, the good doctor would reward Mrs. Clement with a radiant smile. Turning his eyes heavenwards, he would say emphatically: "Thank God for an excellent dinner."

A dinner of merit, though of inferior excellence, such as giblet soup; Tay Salmon; cucumber; Hollandaise Sauce; Saddles of Newbury Lamb; creamed mush-

rooms; asparagus and cheese soufflé, he acknowledged justly with: "Thank God for a good dinner."

But, when the fare consisted of nothing more than plain lobster salad; assorted cold meats; peach melba and Cheddar Cheese, the worthy would plaintively intone: "May the Lord make me thankful for what I have received."

Today, little remains of that age of conscious pleasures. We can still thrill to the pungent wit of a Wilde epigram or the haunting beauty of a Chopin nocturne. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

**"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES**

PF10

As the days go by — you
feel the good health that
comes from drinking

**KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN
BURGUNDY**

Now only
11/6 flagon 5/9 half flagon
td. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes.

Keystone's rare virtues make every meal a banquet
Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. (Ltd.), London, E.3. (15)





"The first
place for
fitness is in
the feet"

Herbert Barker

FITNESS depends quite considerably on foot comfort. Sir Herbert Barker Shoes have been designed for perfect ease of the feet at all times and for all occasions. Their everyday use gives a new sense of foot-freedom and revitalised health.

Sir Herbert Barker writes: "I

have received letters of thanks from men and women all over the world who have benefited by wearing the Barker Shoe".

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes are supplied and fitted by men and women who are proud to fit good shoes. Write for name of nearest supplier.

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., DEPT. 27, NORTHAMPTON



What do you
know about
ENO?

DO YOU KNOW that a glass of ENO will quickly correct the effects of over-eating and drinking? Do you know that refreshing ENO is one of the finest remedies for a sick headache and that heavy liverish feeling — and that it will remove the cause of a dry nasty mouth in the morning? Keep ENO handy, always.

**Eno's
'Fruit Salt'**

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

for IRREGULAR ACTION
SICK HEADACHE, LIVERISHNESS,
BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, etc.
2/3d. Regular Size—Family Size 3/11d.



The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

**RUBIN
ELLIMAN'S
RUB OUT
PAIN**

It's Nature's Way

When you feel physical pain you naturally rub. That is Nature's way of easing the pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S does more—it BANISHES PAIN.



Elliman's Embrocation

has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA, STIFFNESS, etc.

IF YOUR HOME IS

IMPORTANT TO YOU

IT SHOULD BE INSURED

★ Please send me full particulars of the 'General' Householders' Comprehensive Policy.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE 'General' Householders' Comprehensive Policy covers your home against Burglary, Fire, Flood and over twenty other risks—and you get 100% No-claim Bonus every sixth year. Send coupon for further particulars.

General

ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD

★ Please send coupon to H.C. Dept.,
GENERAL BUILDINGS - PERTH - SCOTLAND
or to nearest Local Office—see Telephone Directory

**BETTER | BETTER
GOLF | TENNIS**

Better play is assured if you fit Balmforth's Tacky Leather Grips. They provide grip control and never allow the club or racket to slip or twist in the hand when making a stroke. Used by top grade players throughout the world, and fitted as standard to the best brands of golf clubs and tennis rackets.

**BALMFORTH'S
TACKY LEATHER GRIPS**

E. B. BALMFORTH LTD., LEEDS 7

AUTOCAR
can assist you

to get more miles per gallon, better performance and to keep your car or lorries, English or American, on the road continuously. Electrical and Carburettor Service for all Cars and Trucks. Ample stock of genuine spares.

Autocar
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT LTD.

32, 33, 34, ALBERT EMBANKMENT
S.E.11

Midway between Vauxhall & Lambeth
Bridges. Opposite Tate Gallery.
South Bank of Thames.
T.R.C. REG. 1941-52.

"YOUNG MEN SHOULD
TRAVEL, IF BUT TO
AMUSE THEMSELVES."

—BYRON

CUSTOMERS who are travelling or holiday-making in this country may, upon request, make arrangements with the Bank for encashment of their cheques during the course of their travels.

IF you are going abroad you will find it convenient to take Travellers' cheques issued by the Bank payable on demand by our correspondents throughout the world. Your bank manager will be pleased to explain.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68, Lombard St., E.C.3.
HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL 2.



Entrée to enjoyment...

Just as travel broadens the mind, so do
THREE CASTLES Cigarettes
widen your appreciation of
perfect blending.



The "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

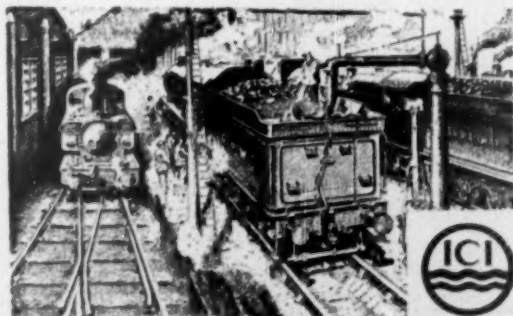
20 for 3/10

YYZHC

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Water Treatment

Some industrial processes can only be carried out with soft water and industries such as dyeing and bleaching first became established in those areas in which the water is naturally soft. Nowadays, the chemist can make water suitable for almost any purpose. The origin of water treatment may be traced back to a Scots doctor, Thomas Clark, who discovered in the first half of the last century that certain types of hard water could be softened by adding lime; "Clark's method" is still the basis of the lime-soda water treatment process which is widely used in industry today. Since Clark's pioneer work, many other chemicals have been produced for the treatment of water. In 1938, for example, two British chemists, Adams and Holmes, discovered the value of synthetic resins for treating water to be used in certain industrial processes—where a water of high purity, comparable with that of distilled water, is required. One of the greatest, but least known, achievements of the British chemical industry is to treat, every day, thousands of millions of gallons of water used in textile processes, laundries and boilers—an achievement which saves the community many millions of pounds annually. British Railways treat between fifty and one hundred million gallons of water a day in order to maintain their locomotive boilers in sound condition and free from scale. The British chemical industry also provides the housewife with soda crystals and similar alkalis which form the basis of domestic bath salts and water softening compounds.





His shirt is tough

and yet attractive—

No wonder he feels

RADIACtive!

McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd., London and Manchester

RARE STAMPS

We are always interested in the purchase of rare stamps—both on and off letters. Before destroying any old family correspondence, write to:

J. E. LEA
14 Exchange Street, MANCHESTER 2
Price list on request.



"Excuse me, Sir, but Mr. Williams says it's important."

He thinks you should discuss that handling job with the Aabacas people of Birkenhead... A-A-B-A-C-A-S.

They're showing now at Olympia, he says, and you can't miss their stand if you look for the big orange A."



STAND A24
MECHANICAL HANDLING
EXHIBITION - OLYMPIA

BOISTS, TRAVELLING CRANES
AND 51 YEARS' KNOW-HOW



likes sea air

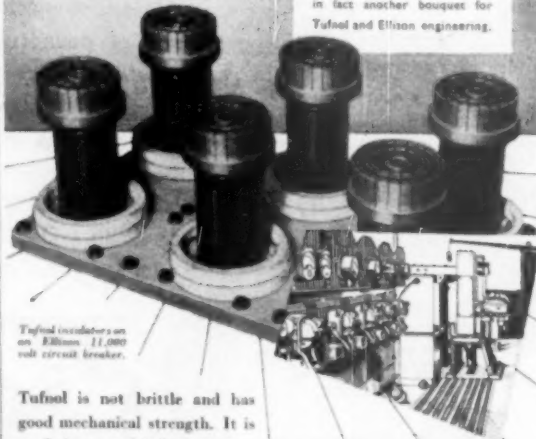
Why do we recommend 'Hiduminium' 33 for maritime service and seaside situations? Because of all the medium strength wrought light alloys, 33 has the highest resistance to corrosion and is a work-hardening alloy very suitable for welding. It sounds simple when you put it like that—not half so simple when it's a matter of knowing just how much manganese and magnesium and chromium are needed to do the trick. Landlubbers who are not much interested in the effects of sea water will be glad to hear that 33 is only one of a whole series of 'Hiduminium' alloys, all of which have special qualifications for particular applications. Complete technical data and the services of our research and experimental department may be had for the asking by those who plan to

.. make light work of *it* with **Hiduminium**
AND MAGNESIUM

HIGH DUTY ALLOYS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS. Telephone: Slough 21201.
INGOT, BILLETS, FORGINGS, CASTINGS & EXTRUSIONS IN HIDUMINIUM & MAGNESIUM (Registered Trade Mark) ALUMINIUM & MAGNESIUM ALLOYS

A Bed of Roses?

No, Sir, just the flowering of an idea for better insulation on high voltage circuit breakers... in fact another bouquet for Tufnol and Ellison engineering.



Tufnol insulators on an Ellison 11,000 volt circuit breaker.

Tufnol is not brittle and has good mechanical strength. It is used in every industry—not only as an electrical insulator, but in thousands of other ways. Engineers are constantly solving problems with the aid of Tufnol... why not YOU?

TUFNOL

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
An ELLISON Product

Easy to machine... Light in weight... Acid resisting... Electrical insulator... Made in sheets, tubes and rods.

TUFNOL LTD • PERRY BARR • BIRMINGHAM • 228

225

Madeira
for the ideal Summer or Autumn holiday

in
9 ³/₄ hrs.
by
Flying Boat

Enquire—Travel Agents or Aquila Airways,
& Curzon Place, W.1. GPO 3945

RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

Even to-day Old Gowrie keeps its pride of place. A classic example of an old-fashioned pressed all-Virginia tobacco prepared in the loving manner of yesterday—even to-day! It is received with gratitude and punctuality by Britons all over the globe. It follows them wherever they go. Old Gowrie's charm lies within its satisfying coolness and the unadulterated fragrance of carefully selected Virginia leaf. The pleasure it gives is not regarded lightly, but is counted among the fewer luxuries.

A customer writes from Ulster—
"I extend my very best wishes to you and your staff and send many thanks for your continued courtesy and efficiency, last but not least for the superlative quality of your tobacco."

To be obtained
ONLY from:

**CHARLES
RATTRAY**
Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 7/6 per lb., Post Paid. Send 12/- for sample quarter-lb. tin. Post Free



It takes a lot to surprise Accles & Pollock so they weren't at all surprised when they had an enquiry for a special steel tube to be hitched up to the electric mains and stuck into a ration of meat with the idea of cooking it if you can find it and the offices were beginning to smell a fair treat no horrible cabbage to spoil it when the whole thing turned out to be a mistake anyway what the tube was really for was to record the temperature of the meat while it was cooking all the best inventions start by accident the same as Newton's apple hitting him plus Bruce's spider and so on a lot of good can come out of talking to Accles & Pollock if you have an idea for saving time and trouble by the use of tubes you try the same recipe and see what's cooking

OUTSTANDING VALUE IN LIFE ASSURANCE . . .

A
REVERSIONARY BONUS
of

38/-

PER ANNUM

and upwards

has been allotted per
£100 assured under With-
Profit Policies in force at
31st December, 1949.



ESTABLISHED 1844
EQUITY & LAW
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
20, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.2



THE DENTIST'S DIVERSION

AT THE END of a hard day's work with the drill, many a dentist extracts deep satisfaction from Rothmans Panatellas Finas.

Our mail-order records show that these fragrant Panatellas Finas are a favourite choice in the profession. Which is not surprising, for they are hand-rolled from specially selected cigar leaf, and matured to perfection in our London conditioning rooms.

You can get them at any Rothman shop, or direct by mail from headquarters.



Post this to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio PF2) 5 Pall Mall, London SW1

Please send the following by return post. I enclose remittance for £ — — —

ROTHMANS PANATELLAS FINAS (5 1/2" long)

Wooden Drums of 50 at 47s. 6d. Pocket Cartons of 5 at 7s. 6d.

All post free

NAME

ADDRESS

**YOUR LOCAL
Service Agent
WILL GIVE YOU
ALL DETAILS OF
the GIRLING
DAMPER REPLACEMENT
& FACTORY LINED
REPLACEMENT
SHOE
SERVICES**



GIRLING LIMITED, KINGS ROAD, TYSELEY, BIRMINGHAM, 11.

Brighten up with TOOTAL TIES

An outfit of really good ties
for all occasions at far
lower cost than you ever
thought possible.

Popular 3/-

Standard & Sports 3/11

Special 5/6

All prices include

Purchase Tax

"TOOTAL"
and "TEBILIZED"
are Registered
Trade Marks



TOOTAL TIES

Washable and marked TEBILIZED for
tested crease-resistance.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 58 Oxford Street, Manchester 1



PACKAGING in multi-wall sacks
is the modern trend

We were one of the pioneers of multi-wall sacks in this country and in a lifetime's experience (our 21 years seems as long as that) we have accumulated a unique knowledge of packing technique. This knowledge we are glad to make available to any manufacturer. Our packaging advisory service is free—it places you under no obligation but our unbiased advice may enable you to make an appreciable saving in your packaging costs.

MEDWAY
PACKAGING SERVICE



MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LIMITED
Larkfield, Nr. Maidstone, Kent



** combine to shave
all of us better ...*



Ingram's solves the oldest lather problem—how to pave the way for the razor and remove sting and drag.

While the lather softens the bristles the lotion tones up the skin to give you the coolest, smoothest shave ever—what a comfort this combined operation is!

Ingram's combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, London & New York

50/27

Darlington Thermal Insulation



DARLINGTON THERMAL INSULATION

Ninety per cent. of the heat loss from bare surfaces can be saved with Darlington 85% Magnesia or Dextranite Insulation. An analysis of your running costs will show that initial capital outlay is recovered many times by improved fuel economy. Darlington Insulation requires no maintenance except normal painting... the first cost is the last. Technical representatives are available for consultation in the major industrial areas.



Manufacturers:
THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING CO. LTD.
DARLINGTON.

Insulation Contractors:
THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD.
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

Sheet Metal Fabricators:
S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD., TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD.

50/28/2

Lucozade
The sparkling
GLUCOSE drink

In this sparkling glucose drink there is help for the sick, the exhausted and the convalescent. To the jaded appetite—the refreshing sparkle of LUCOZADE is irresistible. If you are feeling just a little short of energy, somewhat tired, take a glass of LUCOZADE! There are moments when we all need this sparkling glucose drink. Once tasted, LUCOZADE is never refused.



From Chemists 2/6 a bottle
Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

Get
Lucozade
—it is so energising and palatable



LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST RD., BRENTFORD, MIDD.

10yds 17/C

Which would you choose in the event of illness?

PRIVATE TREATMENT OR GENERAL WARD!



The National Health Service ensures that everyone receives medical and, if necessary, hospital treatment in the event of illness or operation.

To many people, however, the necessary formalities, the waiting and, finally, treatment in a general ward, are disconcerting both in anticipation and in practice.

To such, the B.U.P.A. offers an inexpensive alternative. For a moderate annual subscription, graded to suit individual means and requirements, members can make their own arrangements for speedy and private treatment in nursing home or hospital paybed and the whole or major portion of the expenditure is refunded by B.U.P.A.

In view of the fact that serious illness or the need for operation so often strikes without warning, it is no more than obvious wisdom to safeguard yourself and your family without delay. A brochure giving full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

BRITISH UNITED PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION

23/27 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.1.

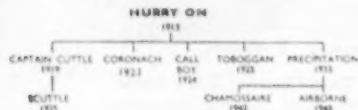
Branches throughout England, and in Scotland and N. Ireland

FATHERS OF FORTUNE No. 10

HURRY ON — raced only as a three-year-old, but was unbeaten in six races including St. Leger and Jockey Club Cup.



HURRY ON sire of many classic winners and leading stallion in 1926.



Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The House of Cope, by the same test over a period of 85 years, has proved its merit and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write in for your free copy NOW!

DAVID COPE LTD. Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4



CAPTAIN CUTTLE 1922
Derby winner, ridden by Steve Donoghue. Went to stud in 1925.



AIRBORNE — winner of both the Derby and the St. Leger in 1926.



CHAMOUSSAIRE won St. Leger, 1926, and Epsom Derby, 1926.

You can depend on
COPE'S

THE WORLD'S
Foremost ACCOUNTING MACHINE

... now assembled in Great Britain

MODEL 684

FOREMOST in adaptability Quick-changing from one bookkeeping job to another . . . simultaneous production of two, three or more related records.

FOREMOST in systems analysis A machine which complements any accounting system that we can design for you . . . faster and more efficient posting. Multiple balances.

FOREMOST in operator appeal Electrical control . . . Simple keyboard with new finger-grooved keys . . . Automatic printing of all balances.

Remington Rand

★ Please write for more detailed information

REMINGTON RAND LTD. (Dept. AM58), 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 Tel.: Cha 8888

No foot faults
when you whiten your sports shoes with Meltonian. These famous cleaners go on white and STAY white. To be immaculate always, on field, green or court, keep your shoes Meltonian white.

In bottles or tubes

Meltonian
SPORTS
WHITE CLEANER

Meltonian
TUBE
WHITE
FOR
WHITE SHOES



From a
Clergyman
in the West Country
came this tribute to
BARNEYS goodness

His actual words and writing tell the
Barneys story briefly—"It soothes the
restless soul and is unbeatable."

*Barney's Tobacco is
unbeatable. It soothes the
restless Soul in a riotous
Age.*

*L Yours very truly
B. D.*

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings.
Week by week, from places near and far, they
write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful
and proud we are to publish their spontaneous
comments.

(All original letters can be inspected.)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are
asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many
friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full). 4/8; the oz. each.

(313a) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne. ©



The Italian just raves about Etna,
French Guides say the Alps are sublime,
in Britain the peak of enjoyment



Is VOTRIX with Gin—every time!



VOTRIX Vermouth
SWEET 10/- DRY 12/6

THAT'S THE STYLE

Give your
hair the
double benefit
of Brylcreem . .

Men who hit the headlines know that
smartness counts—and count on
Brylcreem for perfect grooming. It
works in two ways—(1) Brylcreem
grooms without gumming, restoring
gloss to the hair. (2) Brylcreem's pure
emulsified oils, with massage, have a
valuable tonic effect, preventing Dry
Hair and Dandruff. Treat your hair
handsomely—



BRYLCREEM

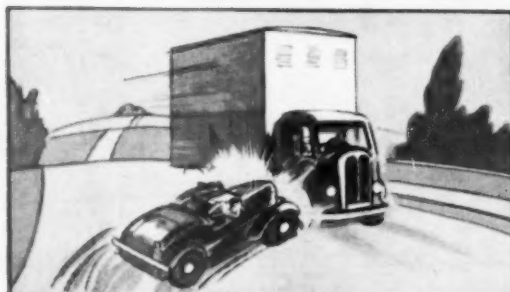
YOUR HAIR

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Stammers, Middle.

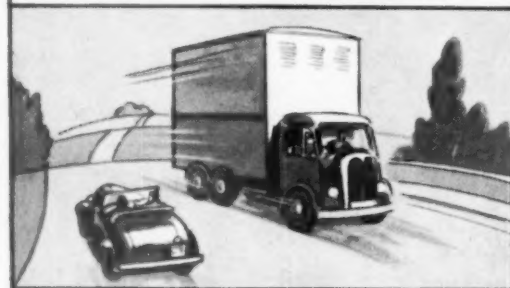
made in U.S.A.

NOW—SURE PROTECTION AGAINST TYRE-BURST ACCIDENTS

**Amazing LIFEGUARD Safety Tube
Makes Bursts Harmless as a Slow Leak**



**WITH NORMAL TYRES A SUDDEN
BURST MAY LEAD TO DISASTER!**



**WITH GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS
A SUDDEN BURST LEADS TO A
STRAIGHT CONTROLLED STOP!**

Tyre bursts come like a bolt from the blue. Without warning. There's a loud report, and your car gives a nasty swerve. If you're driving in traffic, or if your car leaves the road, you may well have a serious accident.

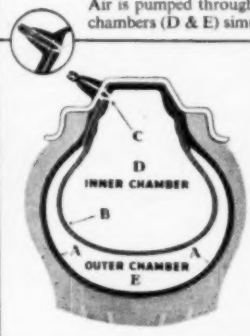
That is the old story. Now, with the arrival on the market of Goodyear's revolutionary new Lifeguard Safety Tube, tyre bursts become as harmless as a slow leak. This strongly built twin-chamber inner tube outlasts as many as three normal tubes. It is an economical and very practical life insurance. It will bring new peace of mind to every motorist, especially the family-man.

HOW THE LIFEGUARD WORKS

The Lifeguard consists of a normal rubber outerwall (A), a strong 2-ply inner tube (B), and a patented 2-way valve (C).

Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers (D & E) simultaneously. The 2-way valve also acts as a pressure equaliser vent, through which air can pass between the two chambers. Because pressure is equal in chambers D & E, the free-floating inner tube moves clean away from any sharp object that pierces through to it.

As a result, when the tyre cover and outer wall of the tube give way or explode, the weight on that wheel is carried by the inner tube, inside which 60% of the air is safely held. Axle drop is so slight that there is no instability, and no dangerous swerve. You simply bring the car to a gradual, straight stop, in complete safety.



LIFEGUARD

SAFETY
TUBES

by **GOOD YEAR**

FOR YOUR FAMILY'S SAKE — FIT THEM NOW!

